

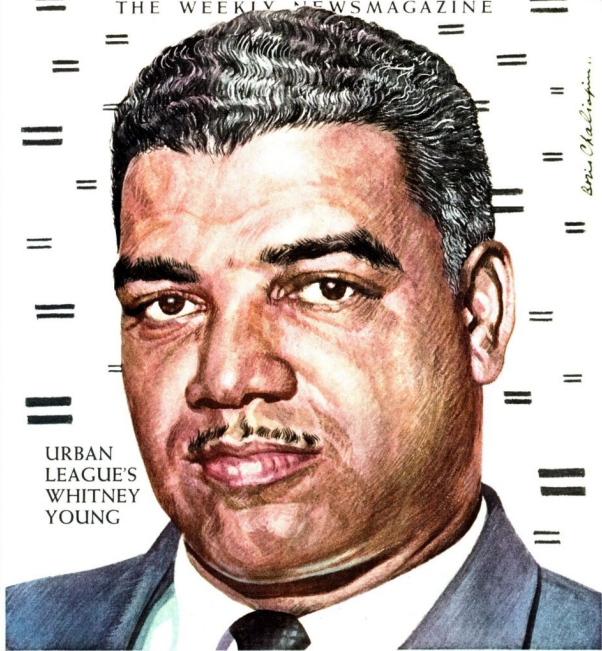
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AUGUST 11, 1967

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Eric Chalfin

VOL. 90 NO. 6

(SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1967)



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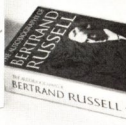
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 9

SIBERIA: A DAY IN IRKUTSK (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). NBC Moscow Bureau Chief Kenneth Bernstein tours a frontier city of 480,000 deep inside Siberia. Repeat.

Thursday, August 10

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Sidney Poitier in his Oscar-winning role (1963) in *Lilies of the Field* as a footloose ex-G.I. who encounters five German nuns in the Arizona desert and winds up building their chapel.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Is there life elsewhere in the universe? The question is explored in a journey through the heavens with the narrative aid of Nobel Prize winner Dr. Harold Urey.

Friday, August 11

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guest Star Abbe Lane wriggles to the exotic rhythms of the Algiers casbah, while Napoleon and Illiya wrest a secret code from Thrush agents. Repeat.

Saturday, August 12

AMERICAN GOLF CLASSIC (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Champion Al Geiberger defends his crown in the \$100,000 event at the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio. Final round, 4:30 p.m. Sunday.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The first Americas-v-Europe track meet, pitting the best from both sides of the Atlantic against each other in 31 events. From Montreal's Autostade.

Sunday, August 13

DISCOVERY '87 (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). For animal lovers, it's a journey into the wonderful world of kittens, puppies, horses and all their four-legged cousins. On a tour of New York's A.S.P.C.A., viewers will see how animals are cared for at the world's oldest doghouse.

SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Ted Williams, onetime baseball great and now a fishing demon, gives some tips on how to catch Florida's elusive bonefish; from there, Host Curt Gowdy travels north to Canada for some wonderful salmon fishing with a pair of winsome lady anglers.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The "Class of '01" discusses new ways to teach students in the universities of tomorrow. Repeat.

Tuesday, August 15

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The Italians, their manners and morals, vices and virtues, are examined by Journalist, Legislator and Author Luigi Barzini, who visits an Italian wedding, funeral, opera and parade. Repeat.

THEATER

Perhaps the most significant American contribution to theatrical tradition is the musical, and there is generally at least one outstanding show even in Broadway's barren years. Some good ones, currently touring the straw hat circuit:

LAKWOOD THEATER, Skowhegan, Me. *Half a Sixpence*, based on an H. G. Wells rags-to-riches-to-rags story, stars Hal

Holden as the singing and dancing cockney lad who moves blithely from one class and one fortune to another. Aug. 7-13.

MUSIC THEATER, Brunswick, Me. *Funny Girl*, the story of Fanny Brice, who could make men laugh more easily than make them love, until Aug. 12. Then Aug. 14-19, it will be *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, Alan Jay Lerner's musical trip through the worlds of the extra-sensory, the clairvoyant, and the reincarnated, followed by *The Music Man* and his 76 trombones, Aug. 21-Sept. 2.

CAPE COD MELODY TENT, Hyannis, Mass. Dorothy Collins stars in *Do I Hear a Waltz?* as the spinster who finds love on the lagoons of Venice, Aug. 14-19.

MOUNTAINDALE PLAYHOUSE, Mountaindale, N.Y. *Annie Get Your Gun*, Aug. 10-13; *Camelot*, Aug. 17-20; *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, Aug. 24-27; *The Most Happy Fella*, Aug. 31-Sept. 3.

SHADY GROVE MUSIC FAIR, Rockville, Md. John Raitt stars as the psychiatrist in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, Aug. 8-13. Richard Chamberlain is the Hell's Kitchen Romeo of *West Side Story*, Aug. 15-20. *OklaHoma!* comes sweeping down the plains with Gordon MacRae, Sept. 5-10, followed by Carol Lawrence as *Funny Girl*, Sept. 19-Oct. 1.

MELODY TOP, Milwaukee, Wis. Jane Powell is the unflappable flapper of *The Boy Friend* until Aug. 13, after which *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, with Van Johnson, comes in view, Aug. 15-27; and finally John Raitt takes a spin with *Carousel*, Aug. 28-Sept. 10.

DALLAS THEATER CENTER, Dallas, Texas. *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter*. There was a lighter side to life during the crash, the Depression and World War II, and Porter's urbane eye found it and used it for his cornucopia of worldly wise and witty songs, Aug. 17-Sept. 23.

MELODYLAND THEATER, Anaheim, Calif. Elaine Dunn in *Sweet Charity*, Aug. 8-20; Betsy Palmer will be washing that man out of her hair in *South Pacific*, Aug. 22-Sept. 3.

CIRCLE ARTS THEATER, San Diego, Calif. Janet Blair leads *The Sound of Music* until Aug. 13. *Carnival*, with Anna Maria Alberghetti, takes over Aug. 15-27; *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* with Gisele MacKenzie holds the berth Aug. 29-Sept. 10.

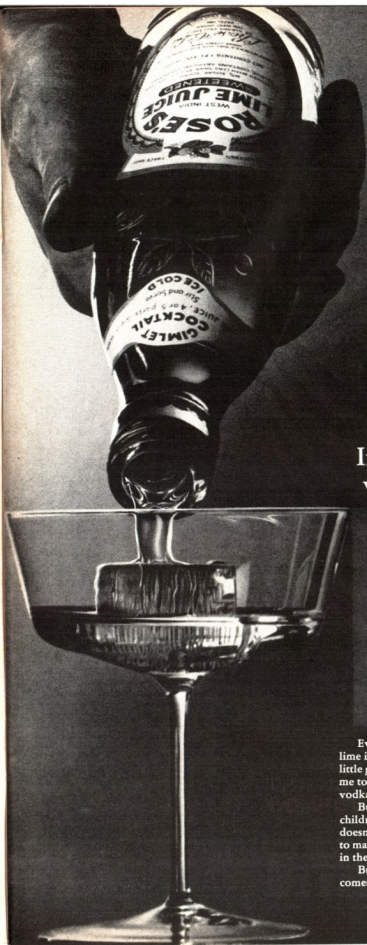
MUSIC

Europe in summertime offers nearly as much music as sightseeing—and sometimes both combined. Among the festivals:

BAYREUTH FESTIVAL (Germany, to Aug. 24) is the tops among summer festivals—provided, of course, that Wagner is your idea of great music. After the death of Co-Director Wieland Wagner last year, Richard's other grandson, Wolfgang, assumed the artistic as well as his administrative responsibility. Many of Wieland's productions return to the stage, complete with their conductors (Karl Böhm, Pierre Boulez) and singers (Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen).

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL (Scotland, Aug. 20-Sept. 9) will sweeten the bonny air with Vincenzo Bellini's *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, his bel canto version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Other programs include two Stravinsky operas, Joan Sutherland in Haydn's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, George Balanchine's

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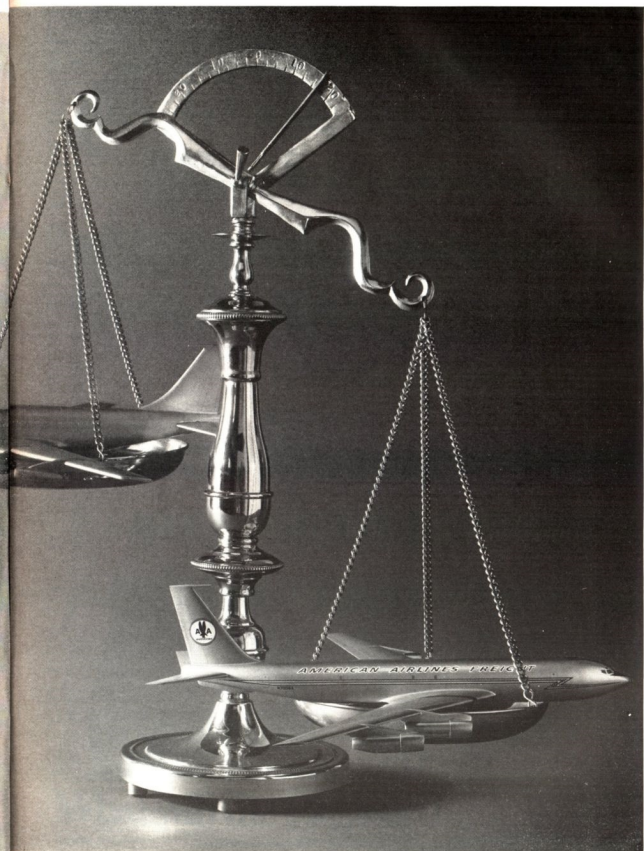
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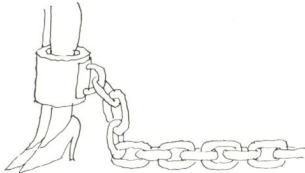
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SALZBURG FESTIVAL (Austria, to Aug. 30) offers Herbert von Karajan's versions of *Carmen* and *Boris Godunov*, along with a diversified collection of other artists and works: Zubin Mehta and George Szell conducting in the orchestral series, Christa Ludwig and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau singing lieder, and Pianists Wilhelm Backhaus and Sviatoslav Richter providing virtuoso fillips in the instrumental series.

DUBROVNIK FESTIVAL (Yugoslavia, to Aug. 25) has a variety of performers ranging from the Harvard Glee Club to Soviet Pianist Richter and the Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra.

STOCKHOLM FESTIVAL (Sweden, Sept. 5-25) gives its fans opera. And more opera. Connoisseurs of spectacular metamorphosis will want to hear Birgit Nilsson on Sept. 5, when she switches her image from a monumental, silver-voiced Brünnhilde to the spitfire passion of Floria Tosca.

THE WARSAW AUTUMN FESTIVAL (Poland, Sept. 16-24) will provide heavy but always enlightening doses of mostly contemporary music by Composers Penderecki, Varese, Stockhausen and Schoenberg as well as still-obscure youngsters. Performers include the Taneyev String Quartet from Moscow and the Groupe de Recherches Musicales from Paris.

LUCERNE FESTIVAL (Switzerland, Aug. 16-Sept. 7) boasts a familiar cast of vagabond troubadours: Szell, Von Karajan, Stern, Szeryng, Cliburn and others. But the scenery is different.

ISRAEL FESTIVAL (to Aug. 28) will go on with the show despite the recent noisy unpleasantness in the environs. Tourists who make the quick flight across the Mediterranean will sit in an ancient Roman theater in Caesarea while the strains of classic, romantic, contemporary, Indian and Yiddish music float about. Artists include Pianist Lili Kraus and Conductor Pierre Boulez leading the Kol Yisrael Symphony Orchestra.

CINEMA

THE WHISPERERS. Dame Edith Evans, 79, playing a lonely, penurious old woman, creates new proof that there is no age limit on greatness.

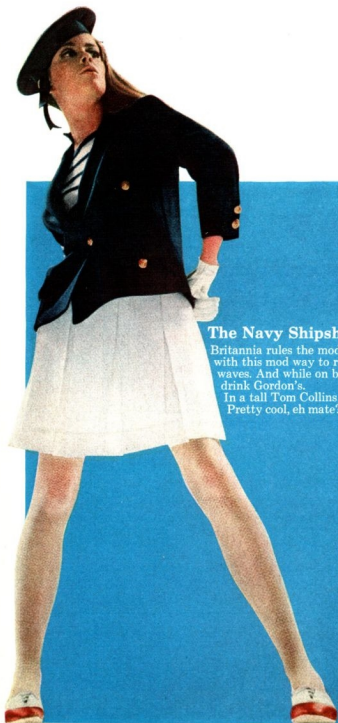
DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE. The split of a suburban couple (Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds) provokes some tart dialogue: "The uranium mine to her, the shaft to me."

EL DORADO. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum both get shot in this old-style oater—but it just gives them a chance to prove that two old pros are better on one good leg apiece than most of the younger stars on two.

THE FAMILY WAY. John Mills is superb as a lout-mouthed father whose newlywed son (Hywel Bennett) and daughter-in-law (Hayley Mills) are unable to consummate their marriage.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. A World War II major (Lee Marvin) is ordered to transform twelve criminals and psychopaths from the camp stockade into a fighting unit fit for a suicide mission behind enemy lines. The denouement is grim and gory.

TO SIR, WITH LOVE. This film about a British Guianan (Sidney Poitier) who takes a teaching job at a London slum school attempts to blend realism with idealism—



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BOOKS

Best Reading

THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON, by Fawn Brodie. The author maps the life of the flamboyant Victorian explorer, linguist and erotologist and concludes that his real passion was not for geographical discovery, "but for the hidden in man, for the unknowable and therefore the unthinkable."

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP, by Paul Bowles. The title of this story collection, the author's first in 17 years, is ironic. For a Bowles character, it is always the time of hostility and hallucination, destruction and death.

NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN ART, by Andrew Field. A 29-year-old American critic, Field thinks that Nabokov would be more easily understood if U.S. readers knew his Russian work as well as his English. So he analyzes all of Nabokov and makes a persuasive case that he is the best novelist now writing.

OUR CROWD, by Stephen Birmingham. Novelist Birmingham has undertaken to become the Cleveland Amory of Proper Jewish Society in New York, the fabulously rich mercantile wizards, and he makes a chatty, genial social historian.

SIGNS AND WONDERS, by Françoise Mallet-Joris. Hero Nicholas Lecluser decides that life is really not worth living, which is somewhat difficult to understand, since Author Mallet-Joris has surrounded him with a collection of vivid people and a fascinating picture of France at the end of the bitter, bloody Algerian war.

SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. This careful selection shows that the great Welsh poet was incapable of writing badly—and just as incapable of living well.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Arrangement, Kazan (1 last week)
2. The Chosen, Potok (5)
3. The Eighth Day, Wilder (2)
4. Washington, D.C., Vidal (4)
5. The Plot, Wallace (3)
6. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (6)
7. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (7)
8. When She Was Good, Roth
9. The King of the Castle, Holt (8)
10. Tales of Manhattan, Auchincloss (9)

NONFICTION

1. The New Industrial State, Galbraith (1)
2. A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church, Kavanaugh (5)
3. Our Crowd, Birmingham (9)
4. At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends, Eisenhower (4)
5. The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell (3)
6. Everything But Money, Levenson (2)
7. Anyone Can Make a Million, Shulman (6)
8. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, White, ed.
9. The Death of a President, Manchester (8)
10. Games People Play, Berne (10)

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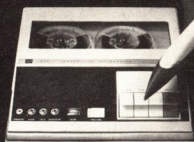
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LETTERS

Reliving the Riots

Sir: Because I am a mere 17 years of age and am one person in a country of millions, what I say doesn't make much difference to anyone else. But what I have witnessed in the past week makes me feel somewhat sorry that I am even the small part of it that I am. I have seen my city, the fifth largest in the U.S., reduced by one-sixth its original size. Not by a tornado or flood, or any other act of nature or God, but because of people who somehow seemed to lose every bit of their sanity and proceeded to loot, burn and murder innocent citizens. Why? I don't know, maybe someone does, but all we who do not know see is smoldering rubble, homeless people, and the corpses of those who were the sniper's prey. There is nothing more frightening than seeing what appeared to be a same world turn into a grotesque horror picture. I am sad. I cannot even begin to describe how sad I am to see what has happened to my people. I will be proud to tell my children that I was alive when the first astronaut went up into space, and how I saw science and medicine advance at an unbelievable speed, but it will be nearly impossible for me to look at them and say that I was here when my city went mad, when the people arose, took all the good and peace in my city, and destroyed it.

ELIZABETH HOFFMANN

Detroit

Sir: The riots are not a bit surprising. They are a natural result of bunching all who can't work, won't work or aren't allowed to work off in one area, out from under social pressure from the rest of us. What is shocking is that we Americans, who so revere work and learning, should consent that a man who does go to school, does work, does rear his own family, should be frozen out of our community into lodging in this distracting and demoralizing environment because of his race.

STEPHANIE MUÑOZ

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir: Yes, there is nothing to do but call out the troops—after rioting starts. No, I am not shocked at "police brutality"—after rioting starts. But rioting would not start if the Negroes' road to better living were not blocked by so many million white clouds—shortsighted, selfish and ill-mannered.

SHIRLEY HOUE

Shirley, Mass.

Sir: No majority can be expected to submit indefinitely to a reign of terror like this, brought about not only by a minority, but a minority of a minority, of whatever color. Planned or accidental—and I am sure it is the former—this nation is being torn in two against the best interests of all races. Are we to have night riders and vigilantes again? Is the North now to be persuaded that the KKK—and the latter-day Wallaces and Bilbos—had the answer after all?

JAMES P. ROGERS

Portland, Ore.

Sir: I am a widow woman, am a Negro, and I have to say the truth is I don't have anything to fear from white folks, but the colored boy hoodlums in my neighborhood scared me to death. You might as well be living in the Congo. The white folks in neighborhood stores where you get a little credit have moved and are moving away and property is not kept up and is ruined. I have to say we Negroes did it all. We destroyed a fine neighborhood that others built. We got to quit blaming others and depending on the Government and expecting miracles overnight and now we got to work ourselves up. It's up to us and it's going to take time.

WINNIE MAY BOSTON

St. Louis

Sir: Too bad we can't somehow get the rioting black-power radicals and the white-supremacist Ku Klux Klansmen into the same arena. They're so deserving of each other's throats.

PHYLLIS JAQUETT

Pennsville, N.J.

Sir: Want my advice? Establish a Negroistan. Set aside one or two of your Southern states where Negroes can enjoy privileged status. The rest of America can be their diaspora.

J. ROSS

Johannesburg, South Africa

Plans for the Planner

Sir: Re your cover on Urbanologist Moynihan (July 28): why, in the name of all that's good and sociological, was there no mention made of needed efforts in birth control? Before the liberals can yell "foul," I mean effective education and supplies for all our population.

LOUISE M. ELLIS

Cloverdale, Calif.

Sir: Mr. Moynihan's plan of giving allowances to families with children, such

as exists in Canada, has merit. New York State allows \$1,500 a year for raising a foster child. Consider how inadequate is the \$600 a year per child federal income tax exemption.

EDWARD V. MONAHAN

Newark

Sir: You tell of new ways to solve racial trouble in the cities, especially Detroit's example (among others), expenditure of \$27 million this year for employment centers, clinics, etc. We Southerners wait with bated breath for your next installment.

JAMES D. BROWN

Jacksonville

Sir: I am beginning to think that the least well-qualified person to solve urban problems is the Horatio Alger offshoot from Ireland, Poland or Italy whose attitude toward the Negro is: We made it; let them. I hold that Paddy and Sambo are not the same people. Paddy's ancestors came here because they ran out of potatoes in Ireland, while Sambo was dragged here in chains, and kept in ignorance by Southern plantation owners.

W. H. RICHARDSON

Wakefield, R.I.

Sir: Paddy was part of a strong family unit in which the father's word was law, and, whereas the Negro's basic spirituality has been castrated by the splintering of sects within the Negro community, the Irish exiles were united in one strong religious faith. Thus, young Paddy could be kept from allowing his fine temper to prevail by fear of family wrath—or worse, a session with the priest. But more's the power to you, Mr. Moynihan. A grand young man like you could even give the Kennedys a run for their money.

HELEN BRYAN EMERSON

Los Angeles

Hip! Two, Three, Four!

Sir: I greatly enjoyed your cover story on the hippies (July 7). Several buddies and I decided not to worry about marching, inspections, shining and polishing, field problems, or getting up at 5 a.m. I told the sarge that we were merely "flower children." Now we are in the stockade. Where did we go wrong?

(PTC.) LARRY ASMAN

Neu-Ulm, Germany

Sir: Within your issues on Hippiedom and racial violence, there lies a simple solution to our nation's problems. Let's just keep pushing Hippiedom in hopes that an even larger segment of young, white, middle-class Americans drops out of society, leaving huge pockets into which the poor, lower-class Negro can move.

MRS. HERBERT G. LEVIN

Huntington Woods, Mich.

Sir: In your hippies issue, you reproduced four of the heroes of the hippies. The depiction of Christ is attributed to Fred Nagler. We have shown at Midtown Galleries many of Nagler's poignant interpretations of Christ, but TIME erred in naming Nagler the creator of the seated Christ reproduced in your article.

DIRECTOR ALAN D. GRUSKIN

Midtown Galleries Manhattan

Memos from Muscovy

Sir: *Spasceba*, TIME, for your usual fine job of accurate reporting ["Travel in the U.S.S.R.," July 28]. Two years ago, I

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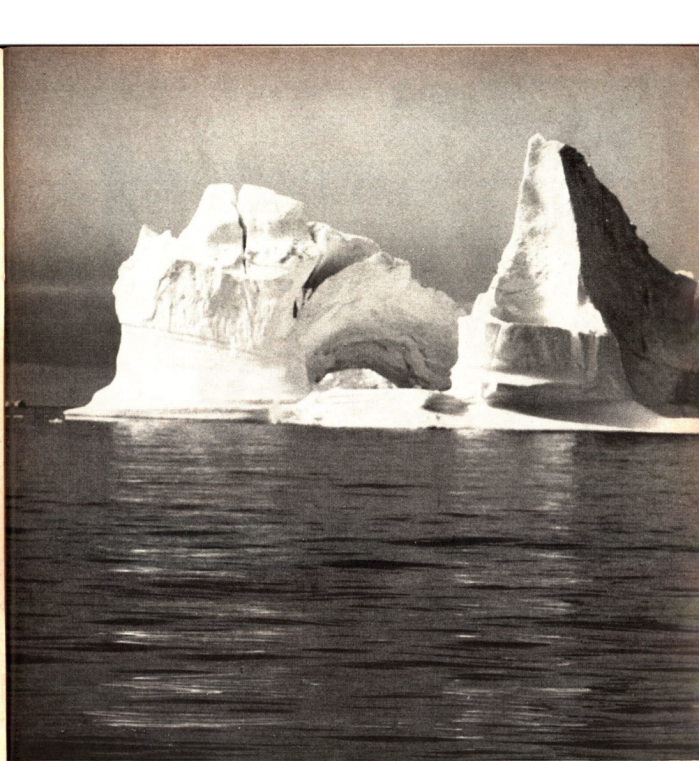
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took a trip around the world by myself. A believer in independent travel, I shunned just about all tours. The place I regretted this decision was in Russia. For, unless you know the language, you feel like a lost soul. Russia, unlike most European countries, is insular. An American tourist in Kiev, speaking only English, is about in the same boat as a Leningrader who speaks only Russian would be in Omaha. On domestic airplane flights, announcements are made in Russian only, and if you want to experience a weird feeling, be the only American on such a plane when it runs into weather.

Incidentally, I entered Russia with a copy of TIME, which was okayed by customs officials at the border. I carried that copy under my arm everywhere I went, and it served as a veritable magnet to draw to me those Russians who spoke even a little English, plus Americans and visitors from all over the world who were starved for some real news from outside. The best tip of all—take your TIME Magazine with you!

FRANCEE DAVIS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: American postage stamps, especially the 5¢ commemoratives, are eagerly accepted in place of tips by people who have made themselves helpful. So are membership buttons from any sort of union, club or association. But don't, under any circumstances, sell any of your clothing or personal effects to a Russian. This is strictly illegal. Small gifts are fine, but don't sell anything and don't give away any item of enough intrinsic value to be construed as a bribe of some sort.

WILLIAM A. ERWIN JR.

Norwalk, Conn.

Sir: There is a place in the U.S.S.R. that has night life. It is the extremely beautiful little city of Vilnius, the capital of the Lithuanian S.S.R. I spent two weeks there and discovered Daiveina, a modestly swinging nightclub that stays open until 5 a.m. The doors will swing open if you say that you are a tourist.

ALDONA JONAITIS

Woodhaven, N.Y.

Sir: De Luxe is not the only way to see Russia during July and August. Those who travel in Europe by purchasing or renting a car may be interested to know that camping is available through Intourist for about \$17 a day per couple.

MRS. LEON SNOBERGER

Denver

Shaky Memories

Sir: It may be Mr. Walgreen's belief [July 28] that the malted milk shake originated in his organization. Not so. Before, during, and after World War I, I was myself making them at soda fountains in the Middle West, as were probably a good many thousand other soda jerks. Later, the thick malted milk came along, the one that was called a "gedunk."

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: I can recall, several years before 1921, when the meeting of Boy Scout Troop Eleven let out on Friday nights, the Golden Seal Drugstore on the East Side of Market Square in Harrisburg, had so much influx of hungry kids guzzling chocolate malted milk shakes to stave off imminent acute starvation and give us strength to hike a good mile to our homes where we could get into the ice-op-

erated refrigerator and take on enough to enable us to survive until breakfast.

ROBERT STUCKENRATH

Lewistown, Pa.

Home Remedies

Sir: Re your story regarding Argos starch addiction in many pregnant Negro women [July 28]: This is nothing new or astonishing to many Northern doctors. As a former Yankee who was a medical student and intern in Cincinnati during the mid-fifties, I was well aware of this common practice, which was frequently discussed on our ward rounds. While some may believe this eating of starch has profound psychiatric implications, our understanding (based on talking with many of these mothers) is much homelier. Through folklore, many women believe that the starch, in some fashion, enhances the production of *vernix caseosa*, thereby making delivery of their babies easier and quicker. *Vernix caseosa* is the slippery white stuff that covers the skin of newborn infants. It looks and feels like a thick starch paste, although its Latin name means "cheesy varnish."

PAUL A. PALMISANO, M.D.

The Children's Hospital
Birmingham

Sir: Thirty years ago when I became pregnant with my first child, I began to bleed. The doctors tried everything, but nothing helped. My grandmother, who was born in Rumania, suggested I try one-half glass of starch dissolved in water three times a day. My bleeding stopped, and I had a full-term, normal son.

MRS. S. WHITEMAN

Torrance, Calif.

Sir: To my surprise, a friend of mine truly believes that starch is the reason her children were born with light skin. And she is not from the North or South, but came here from St. Croix in the Virgin Islands.

JOYCE L. BROWN

Manhattan

Settling the Hash

Sir: Durocher ("Leo the Lamb," July 28) a gourmet?! Absurd! If my son's godfather has ever had anything other than steak and potatoes for dinner, it was because the menu was in French and he didn't know what he was ordering.

CORNWELL JACKSON

London

► *Quoth the Lamb forevermore: "I'm still a very old friend of mine, but I'm still a gourmet."*

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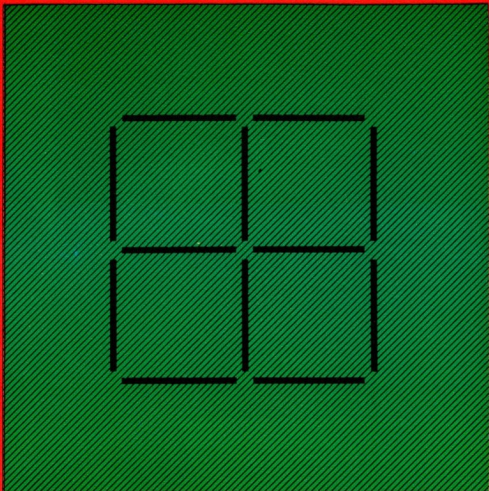


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

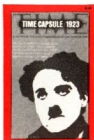
IT "was like the working of a Welsh time machine," wrote Henry R. Luce. "I found myself living in the year 1923. It all seemed to be as real and immediate as today's newspaper."

The editorial chairman of Time Inc. wrote those lines last winter, shortly before his death, in an introduction to the first issue in a new series of books being published by TIME-LIFE Books. They are called TIME CAPSULES, and each issue covers a year of TIME, excerpting the original stories. The words, except for forewords and a few connecting passages, are those of TIME, reflecting the flavor, the attitudes, the state of knowledge of the day—sometimes innocent, sometimes opinionated, sometimes present, sometimes wrong but very often right. The first four CAPSULES, for 1923, 1929, 1941 and 1950, will go on sale this week in book stores, variety stores and newsstands for \$1.65 each in quality soft cover.

The cast of characters begins in 1923 with Charlie Chaplin and Warren G. Harding, and marches on in these four issues through years in which the figures on center stage range from Herbert Hoover to Booth Tarkington to Clara Bow, from Douglas MacArthur to Joe McCarthy to George Orwell. Each issue becomes a history of its year, not only tracing the overriding central themes—the Roaring Twenties, the Great Depression, World War II, the Korean War—but also providing vignettes that help bring people alive.

There is Calvin Coolidge, in September 1923, delivering himself of a characteristically terse remark when a U.S. Treasury Department aide brings his first salary check as President of the U.S.: "Call of-ten." And George Bernard Shaw, in December of that year, responding to a request for his sentiment of the season: "Santa Claus be blowed!" Winston Churchill's scornful one-word description of Britain's post-war Labor Government: "Quecuetoia." And President Harry Truman, in December 1950, writing to the music critic who had panned his daughter Margaret's singing: "Some day I hope to meet you. When that happens you'll need a new nose, a lot of beefsteak for black eyes, and perhaps a supporter below."

These volumes will strike a strong nostalgic note for people who lived through those times. For the young, they will provide a lively new insight into events and personalities that shaped recent history. While the historical aspect of these CAPSULES—and those covering other years, which will be issued in coming months—is surely significant, it was not this side of the books that most fascinated Editor Luce. "The point," he wrote, "is to take a ride in the TIME-machine and have fun."



CHAPLIN



HOOVER



LOUIS



MacARTHUR

INDEX

Cover Story	12	Milestones	62	Religion	41
Books	74	Modern Living	42	Science	56
Cinema	72	MUSIC	36	Show Business	44
Education	58	Nation	9	Sport	50
Letters	4	People	33	U.S. Business	67
Listings	2	Peace	34	World	20
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 11, 1967

Vol. 90, No. 6

THE NATION

THE WAR

Drift & Dissent

It was symptomatic that last week's nonfiction bestseller in Washington was Ronald Steel's *Pax Americana*. Its message: "America's worth to the world will be measured not by the solutions she seeks to impose on others, but by the degree to which she achieves her own ideals at home."

Comparatively quiescent through the winter and chilly spring, critics are once more raising their cry in the capital for an end to the war in Viet Nam. The

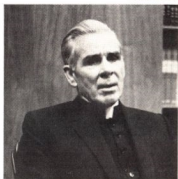
important converts, Ohio's Senator Frank Lausche, a hard-beaked hawk last year, recently suggested an unconditional halt to the bombing of North Viet Nam in order to try to bring Hanoi to the conference table. Rochester's Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, in a sermon that was all the more startling because of his oft-repeated anti-Communist views, declared: "May I speak only as a Christian and humbly ask the President to announce, 'In the name of God, who bade us love our neighbor with our whole heart and soul and mind, for the sake of reconciliation I shall withdraw our forces im-

ing a "peace plank" into the 1968 Democratic platform.

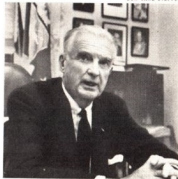
"Something Else." Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper and other longtime Senate critics called once again for an unconditional halt to the bombing of North Viet Nam as a path to negotiations. "It bears risk," Cooper conceded, "but one that the strength of our country and the conscience of our people compel us to take. Some country must show the way from the morass of war." Added Vermont's George Aiken: "When we follow a policy that does not work and has not worked, then it



OHIO'S LAUSCHE



BISHOP SHEEN



MISSOURI'S SYMINGTON

A rising chorus of doubts from a growing covey of converts.

summer's rioting has only intensified the malaise of the congressional minority, which has grown increasingly despondent over the war's continuing cost in U.S. dollars and lives when so much remains to be done at home. Even Congressmen who think the war is necessary and honorable have started wondering if the objective is worth the price (some \$70 million per day, 12,269 U.S. dead so far).

"In the Name of God." The critics could point to some statistical support for their stand. A Gallup poll completed in mid-July reported last week that for the first time, a majority of Americans (52%) disapprove of President Johnson's handling of the war. The poll showed that 41% believe the U.S. should never have sent troops to Viet Nam in the first place, a percentage that has risen steadily from 24% in August 1965, and that 56% think the allies are stalemated or losing the war. Only 34% said they believe the allies are making progress.

The popular skepticism has made im-

mediately from Southern Viet Nam."

Retired Army General James M. Gavin, a former U.S. ambassador to France who early last year recommended consolidating U.S. positions in strategic enclaves in Viet Nam, last week resigned from the Massachusetts Democratic Advisory Council to protest the Administration's handling of the war. "It is having disastrous consequences on the national economy," he said. "As a result, the President's domestic programs are grossly underfunded. I simply will not support Johnson for President in 1968." Other Democratic Party workers are trying to put on the pressure. A New York-based group called Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright released a letter, signed by 50 former Democratic Convention delegates, asking the President not to seek re-election because of antiwar sentiment within the party. Washington Attorney Joseph Rauh, vice chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, announced that he is starting a personal campaign aimed not at "dumping Johnson" but at writ-

ing it, perhaps, to try something else." Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, previously a hard-liner on the war, suggested that "we offer not only to stop the fighting in North Viet Nam but also the fighting in South Viet Nam, and start negotiations from there." In South Viet Nam itself, almost every civilian candidate in the presidential election called for some kind of negotiation (see THE WORLD).

If the Administration has found an alternative course, it has not said so publicly, and last week firmly denied a CBS News report that it is readying a major peace initiative. The nation's economy is rich enough "to meet our responsibilities at home without neglecting our responsibilities in the world," President Johnson told a news conference. "Our country will be able to do whatever is necessary." When he presented his tax package later in the week, he announced that some 45,000 additional men will be sent to Viet Nam, raising the total U.S. commitment there to 525,000 troops. Characteristically, the

45,000 represents a compromise between the 120,000 that General William Westmoreland requested last month and the 15,000-30,000 that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had originally planned to send by June 1968.

THE SENATE

Piqued Plea

Though he is the most celebrated domestic critic of the war in Viet Nam, Senator J. William Fulbright last week chose to attack it only indirectly—by demanding a more substantive role for Congress in the conduct of foreign affairs in general.

In a "sense of the Senate" resolution, Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, declared that national commitments to foreign governments should result only from "affirmative action taken by the executive and legislative branches of the United States Government." Too often, said the Arkansas Democrat, the executive branch has sent troops to countries without prior commitments or proper consultation with the Senate. "This resolution," he explained, "seeks to recover in some degree the constitutional role of the Senate in the making of foreign policy—a role which the Senate itself has permitted to be obscured and diminished over the years."

Negative Influence. Though the resolution was hailed by such disparate Senate leaders as Georgia's martial Senator Richard Russell and Oregon's pacifist Wayne Morse, the fact is that U.S. Presidents for 169 years have dispatched troops abroad without the Senate's advice or consent. The first instance was in 1798, when John Adams sent U.S. warships against French naval forces harassing American merchant ships. Since then, Presidents have taken it upon themselves to intervene in foreign crises more than 150 times without consulting Congress or have done so only after the fact. Jefferson did it at Tripoli in 1801, as did Buchanan against Mexican bandits in 1859, Wilson at Vera Cruz in 1914, Roosevelt in Iceland in 1941, Truman in Korea in 1950, Eisenhower in Lebanon in 1958, Kennedy at the Bay of Pigs in 1961, and Johnson in the Dominican Republic two years ago.

The Senate's constitutional powers over foreign relations extend solely to ratification of treaties and, with the House, formal declarations of war. Beyond that, the Senate must rely largely on its negative influence by disapproving the President's appointments of high officials in controversial areas, turning down appropriations requests, and systematically attacking the President's foreign policy, as Fulbright has done. By just such tactics, it made its acute displeasure felt over last month's commitment of three airplanes and a handful of troops to the rebellious Congo. Under Senate pressure, President Johnson last week decided to withdraw the American miniforce.



JOHNSON BRIEFING NEWSMEN ON TAX PROPOSALS
Painful arithmetic from the old schoolteacher.

Advisory for Advice. Always jealous of its prerogatives, real or not, the Senate is wistfully aware that its influence is nil in nuclear crises that demand instant response, such as the Cuban confrontation in 1962. It is likely to pass the Fulbright resolution when the measure eventually comes up for a vote. While the resolution would have no binding power on the President, its passage would constitute an advisory to Johnson that the Senate would like to advise him more often.

THE ECONOMY

10% More

Lyndon Johnson was in a cheery, effusive mood, bustling around a blackboard in the White House Fish Room before an audience of reporters, chalking rapid-fire arithmetic with the authority of the schoolteacher he once was. But the lesson, as the President conceded, was "not pleasant."

With defense and domestic spending now running as much as \$8 billion higher than his fiscal 1968 budget anticipated last January, the President announced he was sending to Congress a tax package that would impose, at least through 1969, a 10% surcharge on all corporate and individual income taxes. Along with borrowing and belt-tightening in such programs as public works, the President hopes the surcharge, which should bring in some \$6.3 billion, will reduce the national budget deficit from a crushing \$29 billion to between \$14 and \$18 billion.

"Ruinous Spiral." With the surcharge, the President argued in his ten-page special message, the deficit could cause "a spiral of ruinous inflation which would rob the poor, the elderly, the millions with fixed incomes; brutally higher interest rates and tight money; an unequal and unjust distribution of the cost of supporting our men in Viet Nam, and a deterioration in our balance of payments by increasing imports and decreasing exports."

In the midst of his package presentation, the President slipped in the information that part of a \$4 billion increase needed to augment the present defense budget of \$75.5 billion was to be used to finance sending 45,000 more men to Viet Nam.

In addition to the individual income tax surcharge, which would become effective Oct. 1 of this year, and the corporate surcharge, retroactive to July 1, the President asked for a speedup in corporate tax collections. The acceleration, which should yield \$800 million in fiscal 1968, would require corporations to pay estimated taxes on the basis of 80% of their liability rather than on the present 70%. The tax package also provides for excise taxes on new automobiles and telephone services (now 7% and 10%) to continue at least until 1969, instead of being lowered next year as scheduled.

"Hurtful Uncertainty." Asking Congress to act swiftly on the bill, Johnson declared: "There is nothing as hurtful as uncertainty in the economic community." Businessmen were not exactly certain about the new program, however (see U.S. BUSINESS), since until a month ago the Administration was predicting that the surcharge would amount to no more than 6%.

Nor was Congress in a docile mood. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, without whose support the bill's passage is doubtful, has yet to be convinced that the taxes are wise. Along with Louisiana's Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Mills has argued that a tax increase now might set off a business slide, thus lowering rather than raising revenues.

Either way, Congress, refracting the tax bill with myriad political and economic considerations, is unlikely to swallow the President's program whole. It will be a cold day in Washington, probably in November, before the bill—or whatever remains of it—emerges from Congress.

THE CITIES

What Next?

Detroit was a burned-out volcano, and although Milwaukee trembled, its authorities hammered down an iron lid that saved the city from massive hurt. Still, there was little peace in the nation's cities. From Providence, R.I., to Portland, Ore., communities large and small heard the sniper's staccato song, smelled the fire bomber's success, watched menacing crowds on the brink of becoming mindless mobs. The only consolation was that, compared with the agony of Newark and Detroit, last week's racial convulsions were more of a threat than a storm.

But what of next week and next summer? To a nation searching for explanations, reassurance and—most of all—a permanent end to violence and the fear of it, Washington offered little real solace. Lyndon Johnson's new commission to study civil disorder was still getting organized, and its chairman, Illinois Governor Otto Kerner, doubted that it could even meet a deadline for an interim report next March. In closed session, the group heard a number of witnesses, including J. Edgar Hoover, who repeated previous conclusions to the effect that while outside agitators contribute to some riots, there was still no proof of large-scale conspiracy.

Vulnerable Funds. Nevertheless, Congress seemed more disposed to search for scapegoats than for solutions. The House Un-American Activities Committee received a staff study saying that extremists helped foment some disorders and that Communists produced hate propaganda; the committee promised a full investigation. The Senate Investigations Subcommittee scheduled its own inquiry, while the Judiciary Committee, which was already considering a bill to make itinerant riot rousing a federal crime, heard police officials from seven cities testify that extremists rather than social and economic deprivation cause riots.

South Carolina's Strom Thurmond blamed the disturbances on "Communism, false compassion, civil disobedience, court decisions and criminal instinct." When a Nashville police captain insisted that federal poverty money was paying the salary of a local Black Power agitator—a charge that poverty officials in Nashville and Washington denied—Committee Chairman James Eastland proposed an additional investigation to determine if poverty funds "are being used to promote policies that have a tendency to produce riots."

Appropriations for the poverty program seemed more vulnerable than ever, although Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz said that out of 35,000 youths taking job training in cities hit by riots, only 20 had been arrested. Of the 12,000 students in Office of Economic Opportunity programs in the affected cities, according to Sargent Shriver, only six had been arrested. Senator Edward Brooke pointed out what everyone in

Washington knows, or should know: "The reason this is happening is because the conditions are there. The conditions are such that it can be set off."

"Inexcusably Slow." But most of Congress was not listening. Rather, it was reading a heavy volume of mail from frightened white constituents who, understandably, want protection. Thus a House bill providing \$300 million to aid cities to improve riot-control techniques attracted conservative and liberal support, while the Senate, by a 45-to-43 vote, reduced the appropriation for the Teachers Corps from \$33 million to \$18 million.

The Administration seemed ambivalent. Hubert Humphrey spoke out forcefully in Boston and Detroit against Congress' "inexcusably slow" action this year on domestic measures and demanded hold new programs to ease the ghettos' anguish. But in Washington, Johnson—who displayed passionate eloquence in defense of Negroes when civil rights was a more popular cause—blatantly observed that Congress "has carefully evaluated the situation in the nation as it sees it." Explained one Administration official: "Congressmen who are elected by white middle-class voters are in real trouble with our programs. Their people are mad as hell."

Johnson also tried to downplay the tasteless wrangle he has been having

with Michigan Governor George Romney over the introduction of federal troops in Detroit. Romney last week accused Johnson of having "played politics in a period of tragedy and despair." The President at first let Attorney General Ramsey Clark deny the charge, but later, Johnson himself explained the intricacies of ordering federal troops into a local situation. Romney seemed to come out ahead. Opinion samplings by the market research firm of Sindlinger & Co. indicated that Romney's popularity in Michigan exceeded Johnson's after the riot. Nationwide, Sindlinger reported, two-thirds of the public believed that Johnson waited too long before sending in the paratroopers.

City Turned Off. While the finger pointing and maneuvering for advantage dominated the headlines and gave a foretaste of urban violence as a 1968 political issue, officials at all tiers of Government were obviously learning some lessons from the summer chaos. On the front line, Milwaukee Mayor Henry Maier showed that advance planning and determined action could contain violence, if not prevent it. Last year Maier quietly gave his police force intensive training in riot control. He also prepared an emergency plan that had the virtue of simplicity: in the event of trouble, he would simply turn the city off with a hermetic round-the-clock curfew, thus isolating rioters, minimizing danger to the innocent, and giving the police and National Guard as much elbow room as they needed. Disturbances started when a group of Negro teen-agers left a church dance and began breaking store windows. Looting, sniping and arson immediately followed. In just five hours, the first of 4,100 Guardsmen were mobilizing. Soon after, Maier proclaimed the curfew. There were a number of serious firefights with snipers; four people died as a result of the riot and 101 were injured. Maier relaxed the curfew each day by degrees, and the violence subsided after four nights.

Urban Coalition. Widespread reliance on martial law is hardly an appealing prospect for the long run. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner, a member of an informal Cabinet task force that began meeting during the Detroit riot, is convinced that only programs giving slum residents jobs, education, housing and the other amenities of an affluent society can end race conflict. Gardner also believes that the Federal Government must have the assistance of private industry, and that the Government "needs to come forward with more imaginative ways of inviting their participation."

Some businessmen have already joined the effort. An organization called New Detroit, representing all sectors of the community, was formed to assist the city's restoration. The National Urban Coalition, representing industry, labor, local government, churches and civil rights groups, organized and issued an ambitious manifesto for re-

Riot Toll: 1967 & Before

	Dead	Injured	Arrested
1964 Eight cities.....	8	1,056	2,643
1965 Watts, Chicago.....	35	1,080	4,310
1966 Eighteen areas.....	12	366	1,647
1967 31 cities to date.....	86	2,056	11,094

Where & When This Year

APRIL			
Nashville, Tenn.....	17	80	
MAY			
Jackson, Miss.....	1	2	
Houston.....	1	3	488
JUNE			
Boston (Roxbury).....	45	44	
Tampa, Fla.....	2	15	68
Dayton, Ohio.....	6	55	
Atlanta.....	1	6	73
Buffalo.....		92	205
JUNE-JULY			
Cincinnati.....	1	70	405
JULY			
Rewark.....	26	1,004	1,397
Jersey City.....	1	9	34
Mineapolis.....	9	13	
Plainfield, N.J.....	1	46	167
Detroit.....	42	386	5,557
East Harlem, N.Y.....	2	14	20
Rochester.....	2	14	
Toledo.....		85	160
Grand Rapids.....		44	278
Ft. Mich.....		9	183
Saginaw, Mich.....	2	9	300
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.....		14	73
Pasadena, N.J.....	5	31	
Pittsfield, N.Y.....		3	69
Riverside Beach, Fla.....		2	58
South Bend, Ind.....		20	99
Hartford, Conn.....		11	20
JULY-AUGUST			
Chicago.....		6	150
Milwaukee.....	4	98	72
Providence.....		32	72
Wichita, Kan.....		9	55

*Still unknown.

form. In city halls, state houses, and chamber of commerce offices across the country, officials and businessmen mobilized to provide jobs.

New York Senator Jacob Javits said hopefully that "we may some day be able to regard the riots of this summer as a blessing in disguise which saved us from an even worse conflagration later." The blessing is costly and the disguise almost perfect, but Javits had a point. Even impoverished Negroes, when given a chance by city authorities, are learning from experience. Many of the cities afflicted by riots in 1965 and 1966 have escaped serious trouble so far this year.

Watts is still a far from pleasant place to live, but Negroes have begun to organize work projects and civic activities that give it a semblance of community life. Last week members of some of the more militant black organizations

makers. This summer the patrols circulated a handbill signed by "Mr. Boxhead Hill, Mr. Bubblegum Ross, Mr. Fat Daddy Webb and Mr. Little Wine Maker Patrick." The headline: WHO GETS HURT BY RIOTS? WE DO. They speak from experience: some of this summer's peace keepers were last year's rioters.

Necessary and laudable as these efforts are, they mostly represent a pathetically belated and piecemeal approach to one of the gravest social dilemmas the nation has ever faced. The slums are too large and too numerous, the plight of the Negro too desperate, for the U.S. to pin its hopes for racial calm on police action or hasty economic palliatives. What is needed in addition is proof positive to the Negro that he can find justice and hope in America, and that he can find it soon.

WILSON—LEVITON ATLANTA



CRISIS PATROL CIRCULATING LEAFLETS IN ATLANTA
"Who gets hurt by riots? We do."

united with N.A.A.C.P. members to quash a riot in Watts before it had a chance to begin. "If Los Angeles does get through the summer," says Mayor Sam Yorty, "it will be primarily because of the hard personal efforts of the majority of Negroes themselves."

Mr. Fat Daddy Webb, Chicago has also escaped serious injury so far this summer, at least in part because three large youth gangs, the Garfield Cobras, the Blackstone Rangers and the Disciples, have decided to block violence. Catastrophe might easily have occurred last week when a white storekeeper killed a Negro on the South Side, but the Disciples kept the peace. In Venice, Calif., the newly formed Gangbusters persuaded police to leave a crowd of 500 angry Negro kids, then dispersed the gathering without incident. In Atlanta, a number of "crisis patrols" have been organized that also include ex-convicts. The patrols actively oppose Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee organizers and other trouble

RACES

The Other 97%

(See Cover)

Through an angry summer of racial rioting, the pillagers, the arsonists and the snipers, the anarchists, the loudmouths and the demagogues have held the center of the stage. When the fury abates and the fires die down, a wholly different cast of characters will move in to repair the damage. These are the real revolutionaries, the men who have been laboring undramatically for years, and in some cases for decades, to secure for the Negro a more equitable share of America's affluence. "These are the people who can do more," says Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke, the first Negro in the U.S. Senate since Reconstruction. "They can accomplish something that the militants cannot."

They can, that is, unless the Negro Revolution follows the classic pattern and devours the very men who did

most to set it in motion, replacing them with extremist firebrands. In the wretched Negro slums, the more moderate Negro leaders pack no clout with the young buckeos who toss Molotov cocktails and chant murderous anti-white slogans. "A black man today," insists one Black Power advocate, "is either a radical or an Uncle Tom." In fact, only a fraction of America's 22 million Negroes falls into either category. What worries the moderates is that increasing numbers of ghetto dwellers seem more susceptible than ever to the "Burn, baby, burn!" appeal of the radicals. Whitney M. Young Jr., 46, executive director of the National Urban League and probably the most effective man in the nation when it comes to drumming up jobs for Negroes, says: "Whether the moderates can prevail will be determined by whether there is an immediate and tangible response to the riots from the white community." Adds Young, in the phrase with which he addresses mayors and businessmen: "You've got to give us some victories."

Broad Paths. Young's concern is shared by other top-echelon Negro leaders—most notably A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; Roy Wilkins, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; and Martin Luther King, winner of the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize and president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Each has explored broad pathways to Negro advancement: Randolph in the labor movement, Wilkins by affirming legal rights, King by awakening the nation's conscience. Young by opening up economic opportunity. None of the advances came easily or swiftly.

Now come the militants—mostly men with minuscule followings and even less in the way of concrete accomplishment for their race—to confront the nation's Negroes with a choice. "They can try to solve their problems," says Philadelphia's U.S. District Judge A. Leon Higginbotham, a Negro, "by supporting people who have programmatic effectiveness, like Whitney Young. Or they can place their faith in others and have another century of increasing chaos."

Wilkins, for one, sees "no discernible danger that the moderates will be overthrown." Young, similarly, estimates that no more than 3% of U.S. Negroes applauded or participated in recent outbursts. What troubles him is that Congress, "in its obvious efforts to avoid rewarding the rioters," will embark on "a course of retaliation, revenge and vindictive activity" that will ultimately punish innocent Negroes as well and thereby play right into the hands of the extremists. "Such a course," says Young, "would simply change the 3% to 97%."

Errand Boys. When Harlem erupted in 1964, touching off a four-year span of summer riots, Bayard Rustin, director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and organizer of the 1963 March on

Washington, was attacked as an Uncle Tom merely for trying to calm people down. His reply then was: "I'm prepared to be a Tom if it's the only way I can save women and children from being shot down in the street."

Today Young and the others are called Toms—or worse—for the very reason that they have assiduously maintained communications with the white community. Philadelphia's volatile Cecil Moore, suspended last month as head of the local N.A.A.C.P., calls them "the white man's black errand boys." Saul Alinsky, a self-styled white radical who prefers pressure to persuasion, compares Young to the "cooperative natives in the Congo" who were used by the colonial rulers "to keep the rest of the natives quiet." Few of the teen-age rioters even know who Young is.

Yet, as Rustin says, "relevant is the word" where Young is concerned. "Whitney Young is relevant—more than any other person today. He has been getting work for people." Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas Judge Raymond Pace Alexander, a Negro, agrees: "He has done more for the elevation of the Negro in the industrial world than anyone else."

Time Running Out. Tall and burly (6 ft. 2 in., 208 lbs.), with greying sideburns and modest mustache, Young looks like a mellow Gamal Abdel Nasser. He would cut an imposing figure in any executive suite—and, judging from his success, has already done so in quite a few. Last year alone, the Urban League found jobs for 40,000 unemployed Negroes, got better jobs for another 8,000.

Little publicity attended this accomplishment—or those of the other moderates. Understandably, they resent it. Said Wilkins last week: "Every militant who comes up and stamps his foot and says a dirty word and shakes his fist and pounds the desk and tells the mayor to go you-know-where—he is instantly the harbinger of a new trend." To be sure, the moderates acknowledge that the militants have helped them in one way. With every incendiary statement from the Black Power evangelists, the moderates find a more receptive audience among whites, who see them as constructive alternatives to the nihilists.

A Rumble of Thunder. Actually, Young dislikes the term moderate. Says he: "It isn't a question of moderate v. militant but of responsibility v. irresponsibility, sanity v. insanity, effectiveness v. ineffectiveness." Nor does he consider himself a "gradualist." Young saw the present crisis developing more than three years ago. In his 1964 book, *To Be Equal*, he warned that "the March on Washington was just a beginning, and the Freedom Rides, sit-ins, kneel-ins and pray-ins thus far have been only a rumble of thunder on the horizon signaling the storm that will surely engulf all of us if tangible, meaningful results are not achieved with speed and sincerity."

Since then, the Negro has made significant civil rights gains—and gone on a senseless rampage in well over a hundred cities. Why? For one thing, says San Francisco State College Psychology Professor Louis S. Levine, "there is far less exultation among Negroes over their improved status than the white assumes." For another, their advances have placed them in the position of those prisoners who, as they near the end of their terms, in Levine's words, "are more likely to attempt an escape than during the early phases of their confinement." More to the point, the Negroes' social and economic gains have not matched their expectations.

In the biggest cities, Negro unemployment runs from two to four times higher than white joblessness. The overall rate is 3.5% for Cleveland, but it is 15.6% for the black slum of Hough. Life expectancy for the Negro male

with the big outside banks uninterested in promoting new business in the area. Gross sales of Negro-owned stores in Harlem account for only 8% of the total: most of the profits flow out of the community.

In every slum, the chronically hard-up residents actually pay more for most goods than do wealthier whites in better neighborhoods. During a brief outburst of rioting in Watts last year, the arsonists' first target was a supermarket chain that habitually stocked the shelves of its slum stores with scraggly meat and wilted vegetables that white customers had rejected in other outlets. In Detroit's slums, a 5-lb. bag of flour costs 14¢ more than in fashionable Grosse Pointe, Mich., peas 12¢ more per can, eggs up to 25¢ more per dozen. A television set selling for \$124.95 in downtown Detroit costs \$189 in a ghetto shop. In many slums, door-to-



PHILADELPHIA "JOB-MOBILE" ACCEPTING APPLICANTS FOR CITY JOBS
Relevant is the word.

has risen to 61.5 years, a level reached in 1931 by whites, who now have an expectancy of 67.7 years. Despite all the publicity designed to discourage Negro youngsters from quitting school, unemployment among Negro high school graduates is 16.1%, while the rate for Negro dropouts is only 16.3%.

The big-city slums—where three-fourths of U.S. Negroes now live—are a daily test of endurance. Robert Waite, a Sierra Leone native who heads Mayor John Lindsay's Harlem task force, likens the Manhattan ghetto to "an underdeveloped country." It lacks indigenously owned business, gets little risk capital, and keeps losing its talent to bigger industries elsewhere—just as in underdeveloped countries. "In underdeveloped areas," he adds, "colonial banks were the only source of credit, and rarely did an indigenous businessman receive a loan until independence permitted the establishment of local banks." Until two Negro-run banks opened in Harlem, "the same situation existed,"

door salesmen saddle unsophisticated buyers with shoddy furniture and clothing that is overpriced to begin with and sometimes costs twice as much as the original price when exorbitant time-payment rates are added. To avoid gouging, slum dwellers in Harlem and other areas have begun forming co-ops aimed at keeping prices down.

Copulative Approach. "In the kind of jungle in which these people live," says Young, "it takes great strength to survive. If only we could build on this strength." A number of schemes have been put forward. They range from Black Nationalist demands for complete separation of the Negroes in their own tract of land (Blackistan? Negronia?) to what a writer in Manhattan's *Village Voice* calls "the copulative approach," aimed at complete elimination of racial differences through intermarriage (though if Brazil and the Philippines are any measure, subtle new discriminations would arise based on how much *café* one inherited and how



KING



RUSTIN



RANDOLPH



WILKINS

After all the hollering, the strategists, the researchers, the professionals have to plot the course.

much *laity*). Harlem Black Nationalist James Lawson even demands "reparations" amounting to \$7,000 for every black person in America.

As for the "moderate" Negro leaders, they have come up with proposals that only recently might have struck many Americans as most immoderate. One such scheme is A. Philip Randolph's "Freedom Budget," originally proposed two years ago. It would wipe out the ghettos, provide a guaranteed annual income, increase spending on education, housing, vocational training and health services. The price tag: \$185 billion over a ten-year period.

Young's proposal, put forward four years ago, was for a "Domestic Marshall Plan" that would cost \$145 billion over ten years. He noted that the Negro suffered a "discrimination gap" caused by "more than three centuries of abuse, humiliation, segregation and bias." Because he is consequently incapable of competing equally with whites, said Young, he needs "more-than-equal" treatment.

The Inside Man. When the plan was first announced, it was considered hopelessly utopian—and Young was considered rather radical for even daring to suggest it. Last week, however, everybody seemed to be embracing it. Hubert Humphrey and ten House Democrats called for a "Marshall Plan" for the cities. Roy Wilkins told a Washington audience that "if we can underwrite the economies of Germany, France, Italy and England and see that these people recover their equilibrium, then we can underwrite the cost of recovering the equilibrium of our own native black people."

None of those who urged a Marshall Plan for the cities named the original author of the plan. Politicians rarely do—and that is one of the problems with which the Negro moderates must cope. Actually, the sort of work Young does rarely brings him public notice, but knowledgeable observers are aware of its value. "No matter who is shouting for Negro rights in the streets," says Clarence Hunter, spokesman for

the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, "you must still have Young to go inside and deal for the jobs and the training." Says Young: "You can holler, protest, march, picket and demonstrate, but somebody must be able to sit in on the strategy conferences and plot a course." Though the Urban League has in many ways changed almost beyond recognition from the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes that was set up in New York in 1910, its role and its goal—"not alms but opportunity"—have remained essentially the same.

Founded by white and Negro social workers and philanthropists only a year after the N.A.A.C.P., the league's first job was to help the Negro migrants who were just beginning to pour from the fields of the South into the big cities of the North. Starting with a budget of \$8,500, it provided travelers' aid, trained Negro social workers, conducted studies of social and economic conditions among Negroes in the cities. By 1913, it had begun meeting with business and labor leaders to seek job openings for Negroes, still its biggest concern. When the U.S. entered World War II, 46 local branches were scattered around the country, and the league, through Industrial Relations Laboratories in 300 defense plants, was able to place more than 150,000 Negroes in jobs never before open to them. "What the Urban League means to the Negro community," said Gunnar Myrdal in *An American Dilemma*, his classic 1944 study of U.S. race relations, "can best be understood by observing the dire need of its activity in cities where there is no local branch."

"Green Power." Today the league has affiliates in 84 cities, from San Diego to Springfield, Mass., Tampa, Fla., to Seattle. The budget has mushroomed to \$3.5 million, while some 8,800 paid and volunteer league staffers administer foundation- and Government-funded projects that cost another \$20 million.

The league has a score of concerns and dozens of separate programs, but

"the most important thing that we do," says Young, is still "to get jobs for people. 'Green Power' is important for the Negro now. Pride and dignity come when you reach in your pocket and find money, not a hole."

Under Young, who joined the league as executive director in 1961, the organization has made a particular effort to find jobs that have never before been open to Negroes or have what the league calls a symbolic "role model" significance. Secretarial positions, for example, are particularly coveted, because a Negro secretary or receptionist, sitting outside the boss's office, tells everyone in a company—more effectively than a dozen interoffice memos—that its policy is to hire Negroes. "If you've got them up on the executive floor," notes Young succinctly, "there is no question." More than 300 Negro girls in six cities are going through league-sponsored courses in typing, shorthand, English and office procedures.

Whitney Young is the nation's only Negro—and one of the few Americans—who has instant access to almost any corporate boardroom in the U.S. Without retreating one iota from his own ideals or minimizing his demands, Young manages to communicate with America's top executives on their own level—and more important—bring them over to his side.

All Those Panels. He and the N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins are the two civil rights leaders closest to President Johnson, and Young presently holds seats on five presidentially appointed panels, has served on four others now disbanded. Nor is his influence purely temporal. After a 15-minute audience with Pope Paul last June, he met with the Vatican Cabinet for four hours to promote a papal encyclical on racial justice. The Vatican is now considering the question.

Not the least of Young's accomplishments has been the revitalization of the Urban League itself, which, for all its good works, was showing signs of arteriosclerosis as the civil rights era of the '60s began. Changing its watchword

from "improvement" to "equality," he set up a Washington bureau, separate from the local league office to bird-dog federal funds, established five regional centers around the country to ride herd on local offices, and extended branches aggressively throughout the South, a hitherto almost forbidden ground to a Negro organization that counted heavily on the help of local community-chest drives. To the surprise of many, the chests proved generous; and Southern newspapers, contrasting the nondemonstrating league with the other civil rights groups, have recently been almost embarrassingly fervent in their approval of the league.

With a membership that puts Negroes alongside a city's top business leaders (the National League's board of directors reads like a *Who's Who of American Business*), some local leagues are just about the only link between the Negro and white communities. "Anybody," notes Young, "can get a bi-racial commission together after a riot. The league provides an opportunity for dialogue and candid discussion before the riot."

Getting the Message. Before he took over, Young had won from the league's directors an assurance that they recognized the new climate in the civil rights movement and the need for change. Fearful that the league might lose its business support and its valuable status as a charitable organization—thus making any contributions tax deductible—some of the directors nonetheless bitterly opposed Young's decision to put the league behind the 1963 March on Washington. Young persisted, and contributions rose dramatically. More important, the league once again joined the mainstream of the Negro movement, a position it has retained ever since.

Today the league is striving desperately to reach and communicate with the young and the alienated. Thirteen storefront "academies" are attempting to educate New York's "five-percenters"—the 5% who have been given up as hopeless by the public schools. Some of the teachers, and many of the students, are Black Muslims who have about as much in common with the Urban League as the Ku Klux Klan.

Proud Precident. For his work with the league, Young is paid \$32,000, though he has turned down a \$75,000-a-year vice-presidency with at least one major corporation. Young had a proud precedent for that decision. Back in 1920, his father quit a \$300-a-month job as an electrical engineer with the Ford Motor Co. to teach at Lincoln Institute, a white-run school for Negroes at Lincoln Ridge, Ky., at \$68 a month.

Whitney Jr. was born at Lincoln Ridge in 1921. Although Kentucky was rigidly segregated at the time, growing up on campus was not too unpleasant. His father became the institute's first Negro president; his mother was commissioned postmistress of Lincoln Ridge, the first Negro postmistress in

the U.S. In grade school, Whitney studied under a white tutor. Yet an excursion to Louisville meant taunts from white toughs, the black balcony in the movie house, the back door of a bannery for a hamburger. He prepped at Lincoln, got straight A's, and was graduated at 14. At segregated Kentucky State College, he took a premedical course and earned high grades.

Member of the Wedding. That he emerged from boyhood free of bitterness is another legacy from his father. Young still recalls the paternal lecture on white bigots: "These people are to be pitied rather than hated. They need Negroes to look down on for the sake of their own security." Whitney Sr. repeatedly reminded his son that he was like a ballplayer batting .400 in the minor leagues. The real competition would come in the integrated world.

The first test came with World War II. Young enlisted, was sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for an intensive course in electrical engineering. At first, his white roommate from Mississippi refused to speak to him. Within six months, the Mississippian asked Young to be best man at his wedding (Young accepted) and suggested that he would tolerate Young as a brother-in-law (he declined). Instead, he married Margaret Buehner, a stunning schoolteacher whom he had met at Kentucky State College. She now writes children's books on civil rights and Negro history. They have two daughters, Marcia, 20, and Lauren, 13.

Life's Work. Despite his bachelor's degree from Kentucky State and electrical-engineering training at M.I.T., Young went to Europe as an enlisted man in a Negro road-construction company that was principally officered by Southern whites. "I had to negotiate between them," says Young. "I insisted on the officers' treating the men with dignity, giving them passes, and eliminating all forms of brutality. I suppose it was this experience that made

me decide that I wanted to make my life's work race relations."

After the war, Young went to the University of Minnesota, where he earned a master's degree in social work (his thesis topic: a study of the Urban League in St. Paul) and helped organize a chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality. He worked for Urban League groups, first in St. Paul and then in Omaha, while lecturing at colleges in both cities. He then became dean of Atlanta University's School of Social Work. In Georgia, Young joined the N.A.A.C.P., eventually rose to become its state president before joining the National Urban League.

Wry & Romantic. Young wears his commitment on his lapel, in the form of a disk bearing the algebraic equal-sign (=). It is made of platinum, and he calls it his "more-than-equal button." His personal style is a beguiling mixture of the realistic, the wry and the romantic. He frankly lists among his assets as a Negro mediator with the white world his knowledge of "what happens in the sauna bath at the Harvard Club." When he feels he has pushed a white audience as far as he can, he turns a joke on himself. He admits facetiously to having felt "some anxiety" the first time he flew with a Negro pilot. "That shows how much I had been brainwashed." If the subject is Negro immorality, he points out that he did not get his relatively light color "because of an overly aggressive grandmother."

Young carries in his pocket the lyrics to *The Quest*, a song from *Man of La Mancha*, and will read the lines to himself or others at the slightest provocation. *To dream the impossible dream, to fight the unbeatable foe, To bear with unbearable sorrow, to run where the brave dare not go.* Last week, when a well-known Negro intellectual voiced his despair over the future of moderate leadership, Young rushed over to buck up his friend. First, he reminded him that the "wild men" among the mil-

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SHOPPERS IN HARLEM GROCERY COOPERATIVE

Pride and dignity come from money in the pocket, and not just a hole.

itants would like nothing better than to see responsible leaders opt out of the civil rights cause. Then the romantic Young reads the *La Mancha* lyrics.

Young making like Don Quixote? The superficial resemblance is slight. For exercise he mounts not a nag but an Exercycle in the recreation room of his \$35,000 split-level home in a white section of New Rochelle, just north of New York City. For transportation he rides a commuter train through Harlem to his midtown Manhattan office, along with white suburbanites. Yet he has more of the knight errant in him than merely the song. On the night of June 22, after New York police disclosed a plot by the Revolutionary Action Movement to murder Young and other Negro leaders, he paid a late visit to Harlem to see for himself how he stood in the ghetto, where Martin Luther King was

new jobs a year for Negroes in cities with populations exceeding 100,000.

Similarly wide-ranging is the Opportunities Industrialization Center program launched by the Rev. Leon Sullivan three years ago in a converted Philadelphia jail. Some 3,000 Negroes have already been trained in Philadelphia alone, for jobs ranging from cook to electronics technician, and now 65 U.S. cities from New Haven, Conn., to Los Angeles are setting up similar centers.

Self-Help. In scores of cities, Negro self-help projects are under way. "Operation Bootstrap" in Watts, launched with a \$1,000 loan and Negro-run, has placed 175 graduates in skilled jobs in the past six months. In Indianapolis, Schoolteacher Mattie Rice Coney organized 500 block clubs to clean up the ghetto, figures that her group has swept up 42,000 tons of trash in the

behaved or they give the prejudiced white man a weapon." In a letter made public last week, the late William Faulkner offered similar advice to a former butler. Since Negroes "are a minority," the novelist wrote in 1960, "they must behave better than white people. They must be more responsible, more honest, more moral, more industrious, more literate and educated. They, not the law, have got to compel the white people to say, 'Please come and be equal with us.'" This is a point of view that Roy Wilkins, for one, angrily rejects. "We condemn the propaganda that Negro citizens must 'earn' their rights through good behavior," he told the N.A.A.C.P.'s 50th convention in 1959. Young, however, urges Negroes to try to be "more than equal," and for a time his theme song was *Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better*.

Gilding the Ghettos. Rewarding as self-help projects may be, they cannot come close to soaking up all the available Negro manpower. King and Wilkins want massive WPA-style programs to provide public-works jobs for Negroes. In the wake of the rioting, a number of public officials moved quickly to reduce unemployment. Philadelphia Mayor James Tate sent out "job-mobiles" that recruited 504 unemployed ghetto residents for city work, then met with businessmen and got pledges of 1,200 more jobs. Maryland's Republican Governor Spiro Agnew mapped a job program for unemployed Negroes in Baltimore. Mayors of the riot-ravaged cities, of course, did not have to worry about creating jobs. In Detroit, hundreds of men can be kept busy for years at the task of reconstruction.

Urban Coalition. The most significant effort may prove to be the Urban Coalition formed in Washington last week by 22 leaders of industry, local government, churches, labor unions and civil rights groups. The goal is to persuade "every American to join in the creation of a new political, social, economic and moral climate, which will make possible the breaking up of the vicious cycle of the ghetto." Among its founding members: Whitney M. Young Jr. Another member, New York's Mayor Lindsay, liked the idea so well that he formed a New York coalition aimed at rehabilitating the slums and helping Negroes to become "their own butchers, bakers and candlestick makers."

Initially, the White House reacted coolly to the coalition. One reason for its concern was the fact that Lindsay urged the Administration to "reorder the nation's priorities." To Lyndon Johnson, that sounded like the opening gun for an attack on his Viet Nam policy and an appeal to end the war on any terms so that he could plow the money into the cities.

As for Young's view on Viet Nam, he personally regrets the size and cost of the U.S. commitment. Nonetheless, in Warsaw last fall, he outlined the U.S. position to Polish Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz with eloquence and grace.

ROBERT W. COTTELL



YOUNG WITH FAMILY AT HOME

To dream the impossible dream, to bear with unbearable sorrow.



WITH GREEN BERETS IN VIET NAM

once stabbed by a Negro. Young found no menace, but one Harlemite asked him: "When are we going to get smart and stop killing each other?"

Operation Breadbasket. Young is convinced that nothing will end the tragedy more effectively than jobs, jobs and more jobs. So are most other Negro leaders. "Teen-agers with jobs," says Randolph, "don't throw Molotov cocktails through store windows." Wilkins is trying to get more construction jobs for Negroes with "a massive assault on discriminatory hiring practices," has urged some 1,500 N.A.A.C.P. branches to picket federal and state building projects worth \$76.5 billion unless more openings are made available.

King has launched "Operation Breadbasket" in more than 40 cities, aimed at getting new or better jobs for Negroes. King credits Breadbasket with getting jobs for 2,200 Chicago Negroes, hopes to open up as many as 60,000

last year. "Slums are made by people," she says, "not by plaster or bricks. Civic rebuilding begins with people who care about themselves."

Chicago's "Jobs Now," as one of its founders explains, concentrates on "the kids who can strip a car in ten minutes but can't pass a mechanical-aptitude test." Half a dozen churches with predominantly Negro congregations have rehabilitated apartments in communities from Cleveland to Kiloch, Wis. In the Hough slum, former Cleveland Browns Football Star Jim Brown and Teammate John Wooten formed the Negro Industrial and Economic Union to help Negroes start their own businesses with the help of no-interest loans.

Such projects generate an immense —and justified—pride. "We've been treated unfairly," says Indianapolis' Mattie Coney, "but fairness isn't the argument. Black people are easily identified—they just plain have to be better

No apologist for the Administration, Young explained that he did so because American policy was being challenged one-sidedly by Communist officials, who were plainly surprised and impressed when Young, a Negro, took the stand that he did.

Young, the only national Negro leader to visit Viet Nam besides Senator Brooke, does not make the simplistic argument—as does King—that an end to the war would instantly transfer billions of dollars to the cities. The main thrust of racial progress, as he sees it, is by political and psychological means. Indeed, despite the Supreme Court's reapportionment rulings, the U.S. Congress is still a predominantly rural body, unlikely to be too sympathetic to the needs of the central cities. In the House, 225 of the 435 members hail from towns of 50,000 or less; in the Senate, the ratio is 56 to 44.

"I Believe." As Young sees it, the process of rooting out discrimination will take both political action and an intensive educational effort, directed as much at whites as at Negroes. "The lower middle class in America thinks that status means exclusiveness," he says, "that those white, antiseptic, bland ghettos called suburbs are the place to go. We need a generation of people who have the commitment and creativity to try integration—to explore the creative possibilities of diversity." Young professes optimism. "But I don't think it rests in the hands of the Negro," he argues. "He has already said in a thousand ways that he believes in America. Now the time has come for America to say, 'I believe in you.'"

Pounds & Pages. There were signs that the larger white society was groping for the words. In Los Angeles, Democratic Mayor Sam Yorty, who has never been a conspicuous champion of the Negro cause, declared: "We must find ways of guaranteeing any man who wants to work a job—whatever it costs." In Detroit, Vice President Humphrey reasoned: "Whatever it will take to get the job done, we must be willing to pay the price." In a Senate hearing room, North Carolina's Senator Sam Ervin held up a stack of civil rights bills that ran to 1,212 pages and weighed 15 lbs. 6 oz., and testily asked the Attorney General: "I'd just like to know how many more pages we're going to have." Replied Ramsey Clark: "As many pounds and pages as we need to ensure the rights of all Americans."

Despite the sudden flurry of interest in the Negro's plight, the spate of committees ordered to probe the ghettos' blight, and the rash of ratiocination in the press, Young warns that "time is running out." Not only for the Negro moderates, who are having more and more trouble persuading the slum dwellers not to turn to violence, but for the rest of society.

"There is a credibility gap beginning to emerge," says Young, "and there are forces saying that the cause is hopeless, that American white people are so self-

ish that they will remain silent in this crisis, or that the American white people are congenitally immoral and so bankrupt that it is futile even to try to bring about change. I don't believe this, but not because I think that a large number of Americans are going to get more moral. They are simply going to get more intelligent."

The tragedy today is that it should take warfare in the cities to awaken white Americans to the Negro's dire and manifold needs. It will, of course, be an infinitely greater tragedy for the future if they fail to do so.

CALIFORNIA

Fast Start

"How in the devil a Governor can push through a billion-dollar tax increase and win popularity doing it is beyond me," grumbled a Democratic state assemblyman. Much to the bemusement of California's political pros, Freshman Republican Governor Ronald Reagan has done just that—and considerably more. He has also steered through a Democratic legislature major portions of his "fiscal conservative" program and at the same time managed to keep his name high on the list of the G.O.P.'s front runners in next year's presidential elections.

When the California legislature ended its 1967 session last week and the scorecard on Reagan's performance was tallied up even such powerful critics as Democrat Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh conceded: "I think, all in all, that Reagan did very well." In the opinion of Pollster Don Muchmore, the Governor did so well that "by Californians' judgment, Reagan's presidential possibilities are considerably improved."

Painfully Aware. Reagan's biggest legislative victory was, ironically, passage of the largest tax increase in any state at any time. The additional \$933 million in taxes—mainly from increased levies on income, sales, corporate and bank profits, cigarettes and liquor—was considered essential by Reagan to pay for state programs already budgeted. When Unruh and several Democratic leaders suggested that income taxes be deducted directly from paychecks, Reagan opposed them and won by arguing that the taxpayers should pay in one annual bite and thus be kept painfully aware of the cost of government.

Reagan insisted successfully that a \$194 million debt left over from Democratic Governor Edmund Brown's administration be paid off immediately rather than in installments. He sliced more than \$43 million from the budget, based mainly on Brown's programs. When legislators complained at the loss of some of their pet projects, he compromised on some of his cuts, thereby had the \$5.09 billion budget accepted with most of his economies intact. Reagan also won a partial victory on his campaign pledge to reduce property taxes by directing \$148 million in state funds to local school boards. His tax

bill provided a \$22 million reduction in property taxes next year for Californians over 65. A major part of his crime program was passed, as were his bills to encourage water reclamation and governmental reorganization.

Political Force. There is no dark secret to Reagan's success. By holding frequent meetings with the lawmakers, he has infected them with his straightforward, purposeful approach. "I don't think there is a single legislator who doesn't like Governor Reagan as an individual," said Assembly Republican Caucus Chairman Don Mulford. He has held regular weekly press conferences, submitted to innumerable interviews and gone on television with direct, "state of the state" reports to explain his actions to Californians.

Though he was triumphant with his major fiscal programs, not all of Re-



REAGAN & WIFE LEAVING HOSPITAL
High marks from the voters, at least.

gan's efforts met with success. His plan to charge tuition at the state colleges caused such a brouhaha that it was dropped. Among his many other proposals, he failed to win passage of bills to curb welfare frauds, settle farm disputes by conciliation, impose tough controls on obscenity and reform the system of judicial appointments.

While Reagan recuperated last week from an operation for bladder stones, a Gallup poll showed that he has become a national political force to be reckoned with—though President Johnson still maintains a healthy lead over him. In an election pitting Reagan against Johnson, the poll found Johnson winning 51% to 39%. Earlier surveys reported Johnson leading Richard Nixon by 51 to 43 and Governor George Romney 49 to 44, but Reagan obviously believes that he can catch up. Next month he will hit the national political trail by making speeches in Illinois, South Carolina and Wisconsin.



SUCCESSFUL MINUTEMAN II LAUNCH
Everything but the temperament for the job.

DEFENSE

Red Alert

For weeks last October, Air Force crews tried to test-fire their Minuteman II intercontinental ballistic missile at its silo in Grand Forks, N. Dak. On each of three attempts, its systems control light went red—meaning that the elaborate three-stage bird was unable or unsafe to fire. First it was a failure of a nozzle-control unit, then a glitch in a fail-safe arming circuit, then a guidance failure traced to a tiny capacitor.

Minuteman II has been flashing its red light with disconcerting frequency. The nation's most advanced operational ICBM, with a 7,500-mile range and a deadly megaton warhead, it has performed with 94.9% of maximum efficiency when test-fired under demonstration conditions at Cape Kennedy and other ranges. But when mounted in launching silos across the nation, sitting underground and waiting indefinitely for action, it develops minute but dangerously incapacitating problems.

Bugs in Components. Of the 1,000 Minutemen deployed in the U.S., 750 are the five-year-old shorter-range (6,300 miles) Minuteman I missiles. Thus, as the more effective Minuteman IIs develop bugs in their intricate components, the nation's ICBM capability is seriously reduced. Minuteman II, when functioning perfectly, has range, flexibility and speed (about 30 min. to any target in Russia or China) unmatched by Minuteman I, the Navy's Polaris missiles (range: 2,875 miles) or, of course, intercontinental bombers. Currently,

40% of the Minuteman IIs are not operational or not on alert because of malfunctions, leaving the nation comparatively naked to a Communist ICBM attack.

Many of the Minuteman II guidance systems, designed and built by North American Aviation's Autonetics Division, have been returned to the factory for repair. Their ultra-subminiature integrated circuitry is still at best temperamental. Eventually, Air Force Secretary Harold Brown maintained last week, Minuteman II, only two years old and still evolving, will mature into a reliable vehicle. In the meantime, as the U.S. relies upon an overwhelming ICBM offensive to keep the Russians strategically in check, the failures of Minuteman II remain a dangerous flaw in the nation's armor.

Rather than mount an immensely expensive anti-ballistic missile system to defend the nation's cities against a possible attack by enemy missiles, the U.S. has relied to date on an offensive system whose devastating retaliatory capabilities would, presumably, deter the enemy from attacking in the first place. The present U.S. arsenal should indeed give any aggressor pause. It consists of the 1,000 Minuteman Is and IIs, 54 Titan IIs and 656 Polaris missiles, as well as 555 B-52 and 80 B-58 intercontinental bombers armed to unload nuclear bombs on any enemy in the world—although some 60 B-52s are now based on Guam and in Thailand to fly conventional missions over North Viet Nam.

Shock from Nonchalance. Yet checking the Soviet's nuclear threat may eventually become a secondary problem. Last week Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy issued a special report dealing with Red China's potential strategy of end game. The report was designed to shock the nation out of its nonchalance about Red China's nuclear intentions—a ho-hum attitude nourished in part by Defense Secretary McNamara's opinion that the Chinese would have no significant nuclear arsenal before "the mid-70s."

The committee's verdict was that the Chinese, who last June exploded their sixth device, a hydrogen bomb in the megaton range, will continue to place a high priority on thermonuclear weapons development. "With continued testing," said the report, "we believe they will be able to develop a thermonuclear warhead in the ICBM weight class with a yield in the megaton range by about 1970 and can have an ICBM system ready for deployment in the early 1970s. A low order of magnitude attack could possibly be launched by the Chinese Communists against the U.S. by the early 1970s."

Any such strike by Peking would obviously draw devastating retaliation by the U.S. But the committee, in calling attention to the threat of a Chinese attack, wanted to keep alive consideration and discussion of an American anti-ballistic missile system.

CRIME

One Coincidence Too Many

With his china-blue eyes, wavy white hair and deferential manner, William Dale Archerd, 55, is the very antithesis of a Bluebeard. If the Los Angeles County district attorney's office is right, however, the sometime hearing-aid salesman's penchant for marriage was matched only by his preference for murder. Last week he was in jail facing charges that he killed his nephew and two of his seven wives; the investigation also implicated him in the deaths of a third wife and two male friends. The suspected weapon: insulin.*

The list of Archerd's wives, relatives and acquaintances who have died after manifesting symptoms of insulin poisoning is indeed striking. The first was William Jones Jr., 34, in 1947, who died the day after Archerd paid a visit to his hospital sickbed. The motive, if any, is unknown. The second—and certainly the weirdest case—was that of bride No. 4, Zella, 48, who died in 1956. Two months after their marriage, Archerd told police in the Los Angeles suburb of Covina, two burglars entered their house. With guns in one hand, hypodermic needles in the other, said Archerd, they injected both himself and Zella with a drug, then made off with \$500 in cash, overlooking jewelry and

* If Archerd is convicted, he will be only the second known insulin murderer. The first, English Male Nurse Kenneth Barlow, was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1957 for the murder of his wife by insulin injection. A natural hormone, insulin helps to control the body's use of sugar for energy. Injected into diabetics, it lowers an abnormally high blood-sugar level. Too great a dosage, however, can bring the sugar content down to the danger point, bringing on convulsions, coma—and death.

LOS ANGELES TIMES



MURDER SUSPECT ARCHERD
Weapon in the hypodermic.

other valuables. Archerd was unaffected by the unsought medication, but his wife went from convulsions into a coma and died. If they found anything odd in such a story, Covina police found no cause for arrest.

Kindly Uncle William. The third unfortunate, in 1958, was Juanita Plum Archerd, wife No. 5. Two days after their marriage in Las Vegas, Juanita was taken to the hospital, suffering from what was described as an overdose of barbiturates. She died the next day of a condition that looked strangely like insulin poisoning. Frank Stewart, 54, was the fourth, in 1960. Taken to the hospital after apparently faking a fall in an airport rest room to collect on insurance, Stewart was visited by the ever-solicitous Archerd—and died after the usual convulsions that night. Archerd, recipient of the insurance, tried but failed to collect.

At about this time, Archerd's brother Everett died at his job, and Archerd and his mother were entrusted with \$5,000 for Everett's son, Burney, 15. In August 1961, Burney was taken to the hospital, where he reported that he had been hit by a car, though an investigation showed no such accident had taken place. Burney nonetheless remained in the hospital, where he was visited by his kindly Uncle William. He died soon thereafter. Symptoms: those of insulin poisoning. Archerd's mother, co-trustee of the \$5,000, herself died three weeks later of causes not disclosed by the investigation.

In April 1965, Archerd—calling himself James Lynn Arden—took Bride No. 7 (marriages Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6 ended in divorce or annulment). His new wife was Mary Brinker Post, 59, a widow with grown children, a successful author of short stories and novels for the women's market (*Annie Jordan, Prescription for Marriage*), and a public relations woman. Mary was admitted in a coma to Pomona Valley Community Hospital last November and died next day of hypoglycemia—shortage of blood sugar. Her death was one coincidence too many, and the Los Angeles County sheriff's department finally put eight detectives on the trail of Archerd, who had been convicted of peddling narcotics in the early '50s. More than 25 years ago, it turned out, he had worked as an orderly in the insulin-shock ward of a state mental hospital.

ALASKA

Denali Strikes Back

To the twelve eager mountaineers who struck out last month to climb Mount McKinley, North America's highest peak, the adventure did not seem too formidable. Since the first assault on McKinley in 1903, only four climbers had died on its slopes, while more than 100 people have attained the summit. Thanks in part to the National Park Service, which firmly winnows some 300 applications a year, at least

half a dozen expeditions annually make a safe and often successful try to ascend Denali—the Great One—as Yukon Indians call the mountain.

Even so, it is no weekend hacker's jaunt. Though McKinley does not pose the classic technical challenges of the great Himalayan and Andean peaks, it is nonetheless known for the worst mountain weather in the world. Soaring 20,320 ft. into the sub-Arctic sky, McKinley is exposed to 150 m.p.h. winds that batter the mountain's upper

er a harrowing nighttime descent, Wilcox swam four icy streams to reach the Wonder Lake ranger station, which sent a helicopter back to rescue his four companions.

Still lost on McKinley's slopes were the expedition's seven other members. Early last week, with the storm finally abating, Rescue Pilot Don Sheldon spotted a body near the 18,000-ft. camp; two more were sighted later. By week's end officials abandoned hope of saving the four other missing men. In one sav-



WILCOX EXPEDITION BEFORE STARTING UP MOUNT MCKINLEY
Success at the summit, and then the sledge hammer.

reaches with sledge-hammer blows and are even more fierce than McKinley's 72-below-zero cold.

Mindful of McKinley's menace, Expedition Leader Joseph F. Wilcox, 24, encamped his dozen climbers 18,000 ft. high between McKinley's north and south peaks. After Wilcox and his assault team scaled the peak, he set out with four weary companions on the long trek down. Seven others, including the expedition's strongest mountaineers, opted to assault the pinnacle.

The high party had radioed that it had reached its goal when the mountain's most fearsome weather struck. Searing snow and seismic gales tore at them, and when Wilcox and his band, stumbling down to a prearranged meeting site at 15,000 ft., waited two days without further contact with the higher party, an attempt to turn back was thwarted by the storm. After four more days, with supplies low, Wilcox and his group were in dire peril themselves until a party from the Mountaineering Club of Alaska came to their aid. Aff-

age thrust, Mount McKinley had almost doubled its total recorded toll.

Blaming serious tactical blunders and "fiendish" weather for what he calls U.S. mountaineering's worst disaster, Expert Alpinist Bradford Washburn added: "It's amazing more people haven't been killed on McKinley when you consider 400 are killed in the Alps every summer."

THE ENVIRONMENT

Year-Round Tear Gas?

After five years of testing air pollution above 65 of the nation's biggest urban areas, the U.S. Public Health Service last week airily ranked the six dirtiest cities, in order, as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Since none of the smoggiest metropolises has been wracked by major racial violence so far this year, scientists and sociologists will presumably attempt to measure the inverse effect of black air on black power.

THE WORLD

ISRAEL

Digging In to Stay

On the morning after its swift and stunning victory in the "Six Day War," Israel awoke to vastly wider horizons and vastly expanded responsibilities. Suddenly the writ of Jerusalem had been extended over lands three times Israel's prewar size, and over hostile Arab populations amounting to 1,330,000 people—nearly half Israel's own. How long would Israel want to hang onto such problems?

Most people assumed that the bulk of the "new territories," as Israelis soon dubbed them, were negotiable in any peace settlement with the Arabs. The new boundaries would be hard to guard, so the argument went, the new lands hard to govern. But the Arabs have yet to show any interest in a settlement, and the Israelis are clearly in no hurry to give up what they have won.

The new territories make "a very nice map to look at," observes Defense Minister Moshe Dayan with a smile—and with good reason. Far from overextending the Israeli army, the conquered lands have, in fact, shortened Israel's land borders and made them much easier to defend. Israel's new frontier with Jordan runs for 60 miles rather than 180 and, equally important, it runs along the Jordan River rather than through a twisting, tortured no man's land of hills and scrub. The old Negev Desert border stretched a porous 160 miles. With the addition of Sinai, Israel's underbelly is now bounded by open water, save for the 107-mile stretch facing the Suez Canal. Israel's classic military victory on the Golan Heights of Syria has driven the Syrians well out of shelling reach of the Galilee villages that suffered random Arab bombardment for 19 years. And with the seizure of Nasser's airbases in the Sinai, the closest Egyptian jet field is now Cairo.

Gawking in Gaza. For Israel's civilian planners, the new territories that so please the army are wildly diverse in prospects and problems. Sinai is a vast empty space, valuable chiefly for the oil wells south of Suez, as a buffer against Egypt and an air route to the 14 tourist hotels at Elath. Syrian land, too, is largely deserted—abandoned by some 80,000 inhabitants who fled the Israeli advance. Gaza, however, constitutes a monumental nightmare, with its 330,000 Palestinian refugees in stucco and mud-brick camps, plus an impoverished civilian population of 100,000. And though the West Bank of the Jordan, now in Israeli hands, was the jewel of the Jordanian economy, its roughly 1,000,000 people scratched out an existence five times more meager than the Israeli standard of living.

For ordinary Israelis, hemmed in by hostile neighbors for 19 years, the new

territories are already becoming festive tourist grounds. And Israeli officials make no secret of the fact that they expect the tourist travel to continue indefinitely. Israel's domestic airline, Arkia, runs two full-load sightseeing flights a day from Tel Aviv that swing out over the Sinai for a look at the ruins of Nasser's tank corps, set down at Elath for lunch, then circle back via the Dead Sea and an aerial view of re-united Jerusalem. By the tens of thousands, blue-capped tourists in buses and cars race down the Mediterranean highway to gawk in Gaza and bargain-hunt for pottery, lamps and wicker goods in the bazaars. At first, miniskirted young Israeli *sabras* so excited Arab men, accustomed to women more thoroughly clothed, that an uncontrollable rash of pinching broke out. Now miniskirts are banned in Gaza.

At Baniyas in Syria, one of the three fresh-water sources of the Jordan River, Syrian officers had a felicitous club in a two-story building set amid troughs of rushing water that cooled its patio. The Israeli army has already decided that the place should be renovated and turned into a tourist restaurant. It will be administered by a kibbutz from a nearby valley that was hit hard by Syrian artillery.

New Math. Not only tourists are scouting the new territories. In the past two weeks technicians from Israel's Ministry of Agriculture made an intensive survey of West Bank crops and recommended that Arab farmers switch some 15,000 acres of land now growing tomatoes, melons and watermelons to more profitable crops of cotton, tobacco, sesame and sorghum. The ministry will distribute free seeds to farmers for the fall plantings. Other experts are studying irrigation schemes for the Jordan valley. The government's Department of Antiquities will soon send teams of archaeologists fanning out through the new territories. On the West Bank, the Israel Parks Authority has taken over three existing archaeological sites, including Qumran where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. A group of planners is at work on a model village where 10,000 Arab refugees from Gaza might be resettled in a pilot project.*

In Gaza the refugees in the camps have been granted a privilege denied them all through the two decades they lived under Egyptian rule: the right to leave the camps by day and roam freely among the rest of Gaza's populace. Significantly, Gaza road signs are being lettered in Hebrew as well as the existing Arabic, and all five major Israeli banks have opened branches in the strip. On Sept. 1, some 100,000 Gaza schoolchildren will enroll in schools administered by Israel. Used as Nasserite indoctrination centers in the past, the schools will be supplied with some of the 300,000 Arab-language textbooks newly printed by the Israelis at a cost of \$1,600,000. Missing from them will be such arithmetic problems as the one in the former Egyptian text that read: "If nine Israelis are killed and two are taken prisoner, how many enemy soldiers were there in all?"

In the Name of Law. Of all the new territories, it is the Jordanian West Bank that offers Israel the greatest opportunity and the greatest challenge. If a viable West Bank economy can be created with Israeli know-how and the cooperation of the conquered Arabs, the region could well develop into a solution to the refugee problem, a defused buffer between Israel and the Arab world, a showcase proving that Jew and Arab can work and live together.

To aid the West Bank's economy, some 25 Israeli bank branches have opened in the area, and last week the Is-

* To provide immediate assistance to new Arab refugees in the wake of the war, a private committee for Near East Emergency Donations (NEED) was formed last week under the honorary chairmanship of former President Dwight Eisenhower. NEED Chairman James A. Linen, President of Time Inc., said that all donations to NEED will be turned over to the U.N. Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees.





ISRAELI TOURISTS IN JERICHO
Eye openers for both sides.

raeli pound was made legal tender along with the Jordanian dinar. The Jerusalem government has virtually adopted the former Jordanian budget for the West Bank, including development plans for road building and other public works totaling \$5,600,000 this year. All former local officials, including all the West Bank mayors and most city employees, have stayed on their jobs under Israeli rule. Wherever possible, Israel is keeping Jordanian law and custom intact. Thus schoolchildren will get their books free, though in Israel their parents must pay for them. Jordanian courts are back in business, with the amendment that prisoners are now sentenced not "in the name of King Hussein" but "in the name of law and justice." Israel has no capital punishment, but Jordan does; so a West Bank murderer may still face execution.

Arabic Television. Throughout the new territories, Israel has begun a multi-pronged program of education in coexistence. The lessons are all oral or visual, since the Israelis have found that the written word is not effective among the Arabs. One method involves meetings over coffee between Arab notables and local Israeli officials; another calls for loading Arab leaders aboard buses for tours through Israel to see rural and urban development. A typical stop is the 36-story Shalom Tower skyscraper, where the Arabs can see unmistakable refutation of Cairo Radio's claim that Tel Aviv lies in ruins. Visits to a supermarket draw a standard query: "How do you prevent stealing?"

Arabs now hear the Israelis' side of the war 14 hours a day on Arabic broadcasts over Radio Kol Israel. On shows such as *The Truth* and the *Lie*, old tapes of Nasser, Syria's Attassi and other Arab leaders are juxtaposed with recent statements. And now Israel, which has been slow to supply tele-

vision entertainment for its own citizens, has started a crash program to get an Arabic TV station in service. For the Arabs have long been avid TV fans; many more sets can be found in the conquered territories than in Israel.

Precisely because the spoken word is so important to the Arabs, government censors at first felt compelled to red-pencil portions of the regular Friday sermon from the silver-domed El Aksa mosque. In protest, most of the mosque's weekly crowd of 15,000 worshippers stayed away, and 24 leading professional, political and religious Arabs of Jerusalem called for a campaign of non-cooperation with Israel. Alarmed, the Israelis canceled censorship of the sermons—and transferred responsibility for dealing with the Moslem religious community from the Israeli Ministry of Religion to Dayan's Defense Ministry, which, not surprisingly, is vastly respected by the Arabs.

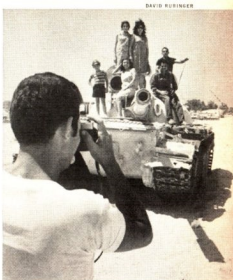
A Few Triangles. In almost every test the Israelis have penetrated quickly to the core of Arab resistance. In the fiercely independent town of Nablus in the hills of Samaria, extremists passed the word to Arab shopkeepers not to open up on Saturday, the day most Israeli tourists visited the town. Rumors spread that the Israelis would soon be gone; those who cooperated with them would be punished when an Arab government returned. As shopkeepers stood uncertainly by their shuttered stores, not sure what to do, the Israelis started a rumor of their own: shops that refused to open might never open again. Then military patrols began to paint triangular symbols on closed shop fronts. They painted only a few before the Arabs saw the writing on the wall. Shutters flew up all over town—and have stayed up. No longer does anyone doubt that the Israelis are there to stay.

THE ARABS

Coping in Khartoum

The foreign ministers and special delegates from 13 Arab nations who met in steamy Khartoum last week were there to discuss ways and means of coping with their Israeli conquerors. As usual, they could not even cope with one another.

Algeria and Syria demanded that all Arab nations 1) break cultural and diplomatic ties with the U.S., Britain and West Germany for allegedly supporting Israel during the war, 2) organize a total trade boycott of the three countries, and 3) continue their current oil embargo. Egypt, Iraq and Republican Yemen were in general support. On the right, oil-rich Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya—joined by Jordan, Tunisia and Morocco—insisted on maintaining all ties with the West and scrapping the oil embargo, which was costing each of them \$500,000 a day in lost revenues. "It is time for the Arabs to stop blaming the United States for their failures and blame themselves, for the blame



POSING IN SINAI ATOP EGYPTIAN TANK
But no more miniskirts in the strip.

lies with us," said Tunisia's Justice Minister Mongi Slim.

Ahmed Shukairy, the fiery chief of the Egyptian-based Palestine Liberation Organization and a special Nasser guest in Khartoum, blasted right back, labeling Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba "a traitor to the Arab cause" for having advocated peace talks with Israel back in 1965. Furious, Slim stormed out of the conference hall. "There is no justification for Mr. Shukairy's presence," he told reporters. The arguments increased in intensity until Syria's Foreign Minister Ibrahim Makhoum went on Khartoum television to announce that the whole conference was "a farce and a waste of time."

Hope for Yemen. One mildly hopeful note came when Egypt announced that it was ready to end its five-year war in Yemen, where 20,000 Egyptian troops are propping up a wobbly republican regime against 10,000 Saudi-supported tribesmen who want to restore the Imam Mohamed el Badr to his throne. Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad proposed that Egypt and Saudi Arabia revive their Jeddah Agreement of 1965, which calls for formation of a caretaker government, a phased withdrawal of Egyptian forces, and a plebiscite among Yemeni tribesmen to pick a permanent form of government.

In the Saudi summer capital of Taif, King Feisal was "pleased" at Nasser's offer, and the Imam—living in exile half a mile from Feisal's summer palace—promised to send his rugged royal troops to fight with Egypt against Israel, if Nasser finally does live up to the agreement he signed two years ago.

In the end, action on Yemen, as well as all other important decisions, was deferred for a future summit of Arab leaders. But the delegates were even having trouble agreeing on a time or a place for such a meeting.



4 A.M. AT PARIS' ORLY AIRPORT: CABINET TURNS OUT TO WELCOME DE GAULLE*
Stopping just short of announcing the annexation—for the present, anyway.

FRANCE

"Always Like That"

It was one of the most extraordinary scenes ever staged at Orly airport. At 4 a.m., almost all the members of the French Cabinet lined up like an honor guard to greet Charles de Gaulle. They had hardly expected the predawn arrival; but then, they had hardly expected their President to stir up such a fuss in Canada that he would have to take French leave and hurry home.

A few days later, the same cast of characters took part in one of the most extraordinary Cabinet meetings in French history. Such eminent scholars as Novelist André Malraux, Law Professor Edgar Faure and Poetry Anthologist Georges Pompidou had to sit in solemn silence while the general delivered himself of his peculiarly Gallic version of Canadian history.

Wistful Pride. France had founded Canada, said De Gaulle, and "alone for 21 centuries had administered, populated and developed" the country. After the English conquest came "a century of oppression." Now, in the second century of British rule, the French Canadian minority "still has not been assured in their own country of liberty, equality and fraternity."

What would France do about it? She would help the Canadians "to achieve the liberationist aims that they have set for themselves." She would "organize and extend more and more her ties with the French people of Canada." De Gaulle stopped just short of announcing the annexation of Quebec—for the present, anyway. He grandly proclaimed that France has no pretensions to sovereignty "over all or part of the Canada of today."

His statement made it clear that De Gaulle was not about to apologize to his Canadian hosts or even appear contrite for the clamor he raised with his call for a *Québec libre*. Well aware

that his new statement would only keep the hassle alive, he said with a kind of wistful pride: "It's always been like that." Lest any of his ministers had forgotten, he then recalled the brouhahas of other days—from his refusal to meet F.D.R. after the Yalta Conference in 1945 to his recognition of Red China in 1964. The Canadian government, however, refused to think of the incident in such grandiose terms. Prime Minister Lester Pearson simply reiterated his statement that the French meddling was "unacceptable," indicating that he can use a euphemism with deadly effect.

"Get Out Fast!" The French press showed far less restraint. "Get out, get out fast, general!" demanded the weekly *Minute*, which went on to suggest that it might be time to invoke the constitutional provision that calls for the replacement of the French President when he becomes "disabled." The magazine also ran a full-page cartoon that pictured De Gaulle gagged and sputtering, his arms pinned back by two gorillas, who are getting instructions from Premier Georges Pompidou: "You can let him shake hands. But above all, keep him from talking, no matter what!"

In the influential *Le Monde*, Editor Hubert Beuve-Méry summed up De Gaulle's behavior, as "the shipwreck of old age"—the same phrase that the general himself in his *War Memoirs* applied to the late collaborator Henri Philippe Pétain. "One can certainly understand and share the trouble and the anguish of those faithful to the general. But onto what new rocks will they agree to run a ship of state which they seem to forget that they, too, are responsible for?"

If *le grand Charles* was bothered by the barbs, he gave no sign. As far as he was concerned, the incident was ended, and at week's end, he went off to Colombey-les-Deux Eglises for a much-needed rest.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Opening an Artery

South Viet Nam's sprawling Mekong Delta is a military planner's nightmare. May-to-October monsoon rains churn the paddyfields into oceans of viscous slop that bogs down troopers and tanks alike. But for all its unpleasant mud, the Delta is far too vital to be ignored. It is the home of one-third of South Viet Nam's 16.5 million people, produces fully one-half of the country's food. It is also infested with Viet Cong. As long as the U.S. has concentrated most of its military muscle in other areas, the V.C. have been able to use it as their main source of new recruits and food. Last week, even as U.S. planes hit North Viet Nam with a record 197 missions in a single day, U.S. forces went into the Delta in earnest.

Square in the Middle. Primary target was a stretch of Route 4, a potholed two-lane highway over which moves most of the food that the Delta now sends to Saigon. Explained Lieut. General Frederick C. Weyand, the U.S. Area Commander: "For every day the road is closed, the price of rice in Saigon goes up 10 piasters [2¢]." In the past fortnight, the Viet Cong concentrated three hard-core battalions near Route 4 and mined the road eight times, bringing traffic to a virtual stop. The V.C. were obviously trying to push up food prices just as the presidential campaign began.

In a combined American-Vietnamese sweep called Coronado II, four bat-

* From right: Premier Georges Pompidou; De Gaulle; Ministers Debré, Finance; Malraux, Cultural Affairs; Michelet, Civil Service; Billotte, Overseas Territories; Schumann, Scientific Research; Frey, Parliamentary Relations; Marcellin, attached to Premier; Joxe, Justice; Fouchet, Interior; Guichard, Industry; Jeanneney, Social Affairs; Ortoli, Equipment.

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DOUGLAS
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



tations from the 9th and 25th Divisions were helicoptered into the area; two others swarmed ashore from river assault boats. The Americans' job was to link up with ten South Vietnamese battalions to make a 250-sq.-mi. rectangle surrounding the V.C. battalions. While the perimeter formed, two battalions of tough South Vietnamese Marines came clattering in by copter to flush out the quarry. By chance, the Marines landed squarely in the midst of a crack V.C. outfit. At once they were in a furious firefight and the Marine commander stubbornly waved off U.S. artillery fire and air strikes so that he could keep his own men in close contact with the enemy. After 22 hours of almost non-stop fighting, the V.C. broke off to slip away by night. They left behind 150 dead and a number of prisoners, including the battalion's deputy commander.

Along the rectangle's rim, U.S. and South Vietnamese troops killed 135 other guerrillas, blew up nearly 700 bunkers.

Focal Point. The battle won, drivers could pass unworried along Route 4, and trucks piled with rice, hogs, chickens and vegetables streamed toward Saigon. But the traffic was not nearly enough. Twenty-five miles farther south of Route 4 lies another major artery that is still clogged by Viet Cong terrorism. It is the 30-mile Mang Thit-Nicolai canal, which is the main waterway between the ricefields of the Delta and the rest of Viet Nam. Until only a few years ago, it was one of the country's busiest canals; the villages on its banks were among Viet Nam's most prosperous. But while most of the war was confined to the Central Highlands and the borders of the DMZ, the Viet Cong methodically conquered all but one of the many fortified outposts that guarded the canal. Boatmen quit using the passage because they knew that the V.C. would either confiscate their cargoes or extort huge safe-passage fees. Towns along the water became dilapidated and poor as rice growers diverted their shipments to the Bassac River, a route that added 21 days to the trip to Saigon. Many found it more profitable to smuggle their produce into Cambodia.

In late 1966, Premier Ky promised to reopen the waterway no later than May 31. In a determined effort to make good, he sent an army battalion and six 40-man rural-development teams into hamlets along the canal to combat Viet Cong influence. The V.C. countered by murdering local officials, and Ky failed to make his May deadline: parts of the canal are still intermittently under V.C. control.

Nonetheless, the towns along the canal have already undergone a notable change, in both facilities and spirit. The

Vietnamese army has built eleven new forts in which local volunteers now stand guard against terrorist attack. Forty-five new bridges span tributaries along the canal bank. Abundant in many hamlets are new marketplaces, schools, dispensaries and maternity clinics. A thin trickle of shipping has started, and shipwrights in a number of villages have begun the construction of new 50- and 100-ton barges, confident that the canal will soon be open for full-scale business.

Campaign Kickoff

South Viet Nam was suddenly snowed under with paper. Strewn across town and countryside were two million posters, two million comic books, four million banners and 80 million leaflets. For those Vietnamese who might somehow escape the government-sponsored literature, a reedy voice on Saigon ra-



U.S. TROOPERS IN MEKONG SWAMPS

How to cut the price of rice.

dio warbled this message to a martial beat: "Viet Nam, remember Sept. 3, and go vote for a President. Choose people of high ability and good behavior. Choose people who deserve to be heroes." Thus last week began the most widespread political campaign in Vietnamese history. In addition to a President and Vice President, the voters will also elect a 60-member Senate.

Peace Pitch. South Vietnamese television viewers had their first opportunity to see the eleven presidential hopefuls and their running mates on one marathon program. One after another, the candidates made brief five-minute presentations. Reflecting the general wish for an end to war, the chief pitch was a plea for peace. Tran Van Huong, 63, the former Premier (1965), who is the leading civilian candidate, called for

talks with Hanoi—though he ruled out any direct dealings with the National Liberation Front. Truong Dinh Dzu, 50, a plump lawyer, who is campaigning with a dove as his symbol, announced that his platform calls for no more bombing of North Viet Nam and immediate peace negotiations with Hanoi. If elected, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, 49, a Harvard-educated physician who is vice-presidential candidate on the ticket of Phan Khac Suu, the Speaker of the Constituent Assembly, promised to open peace talks at all levels, including the Viet Cong. His motto: "We must de-escalate." Speaking for the heavily favored military ticket, Presidential Candidate General Nguyen Van Thieu made a peace pitch that was understandably more restrained and cautious. He and Vice-Presidential Candidate Nguyen Cao Ky vowed, Thieu, "solve the war problem by convincing the Communists that they cannot win militarily."

Next week the candidates will begin touring the country in trips carefully arranged by the government to ensure equal exposure in all the regions. Thieu and Ky will spend most of their time in Saigon and let representatives do the traveling for them. Ky, in fact, seemed more concerned about the Buddhists than his rivals. On a goodwill visit to a nearby hospital, Ky asked an elderly woman patient what she thought about Thich Tri Quang, the Machiavellian monk who led the Buddhist agitation against President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963 and nearly toppled Ky's own regime last spring. When the old woman allowed that she had never heard of the fellow, a pleased Ky replied: "That is the best news I've heard all day."

Buddhist Feuds. Tri Quang is less in the public eye these days because South Viet Nam's once united Buddhists are quarreling among themselves. No longer can Tri Quang count on some 1,000,000 Buddhists to vote in accordance with his command; he now has a solid following of only 180,000. Thieu and Ky have helped weaken his position by recognizing an opposition faction as the sole official Buddhist organization. They also refused to allow Tri Quang's favored candidate—former Chief of State Duong Van Minh—to come home from his Thai exile to run for the presidency. And they barred many of Tri Quang's men from running for the Senate.

Tri Quang has warned Thieu and Ky that, in his judgment, their actions have been worse than Diem's. He has even threatened to renew his campaign of "nonviolent opposition"—which in Tri Quang's lexicon means anything from mobs of rock-throwing youths in Saigon streets to a full-scale attempt at a *coup d'état*. But Thieu and Ky are confident that they have the dissident monk under control. "My duty," says Ky bluntly, "is to crush all disturbances of whatever origin."

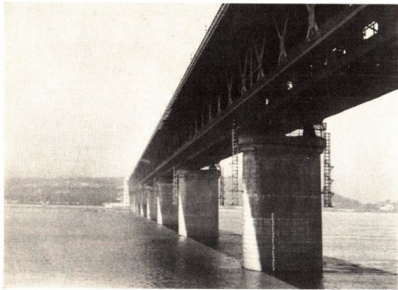
CHINA

Divided Army

The situation in China, reported the Soviet news agency Tass last week, "increasingly resembles civil war." Fighting between the supporters and the opponents of Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution spread along the thousand miles of Yangtze River from Chungking in the western mountains to Shanghai on the Pacific coast. Wall posters in Peking announced that farmers were threatening to march through Kiangsu province to lay siege to Nanking and Shanghai. Mass movements of refugees were reported, and the People's Liberation Army massed

In Linyi, anti-Maoist party officials "instigated large numbers of peasants to enter the city and encircle, attack and beat up" Red Guards and Maoist officials. A similar "vicious and cruel suppression" was meted out to cultural revolutionaries in Tsaochwang. Fighting was also reported in Hunan, Mao's home province, and in Kwangtung and Szechwan provinces.

Dismal Failure. Mao's difficulties with the army stem less from the commanders' opposition to Mao himself than from the soldiers' distaste for the disorder that the Cultural Revolution's Red Guards have created in their domains. Since the army's men in the ranks tend to come from the regions



WUHAN'S DOUBLE-DECKED ROAD & RAIL BRIDGE OVER YANGTZE

All the efforts only fanned the revolt.

troops at the border to prevent any from escaping into Hong Kong.

Probably not even Mao himself knew just how bad the situation really was. What was clear was that more and more elements of the army were siding with the anti-Maoists in the provinces in a spreading disaffection directly traceable to the by-now-famed incident in Wuhan. There, three weeks ago, General Chen Tsai-tao, whose command includes the vital Yangtze River hub city, seized two top Mao emissaries sent from Peking to bring Chen to heel. Peking negotiated the pair's release; but despite frantic efforts since then, Mao has been unable to subdue the open rebellion in Wuhan.

Vicious & Cruel. Indeed, Mao's efforts seemed to have fanned the revolt. Nearby regional commanders were reported siding with General Chen. Chen in turn was supplying arms and troops up and down the Yangtze to aid other anti-Maoist rebels. According to the Shantung provincial radio, two cities in that province struck at Maoist groups in coordination with Wuhan's seizure of Mao's envoys.

where they are stationed, they put heavy pressure on their commanders to side with the local people and party officials against Peking.

No one knows better than Mao that for all his high status as the Sun King of Chinese Communism, the loyalty of the army is essential if his revolutionary dream is to come to pass. Last week Red Flag bluntly warned that the Maoists "face the danger of losing the army," and Mao took action. First, he promised that all of the top brass who would come to the army's 40th anniversary party and repent and switch to his full support "would be welcomed." The ploy was a dismal failure: only four of China's 13 regional commanders showed. Then, amid dark hints of a major purge, Mao summoned a meeting of the Politburo in Peking to discuss what to do next.

The choices are difficult. Unless Mao compromises and cools the Cultural Revolution or else thoroughly purges the army—if he still can—his troops are likely to remain uncertain and divided, making outright civil war an ever greater possibility.

RUSSIA

No Help from Svetlana

Secretive as a salesman of obscene postcards, the visitor from Moscow scuttled from one London publisher to another showing his wares. But publisher after publisher turned him down—and with good reason. Not that his price was too high. Indeed, he was asking for no money at all. And his manuscript was certainly topical: it was a copy in Russian of Svetlana Stalina's memoirs. Reason for the publishers' turnaround: they all knew that the legal rights to the book had already been sold for a record \$3,200,000 to other U.S. and British publishers, who plan to bring it out in October under the title *Twenty Letters to a Friend*.

What made the publishers even more wary was that they recognized the peddler. He was Victor Louis, a Soviet citizen who is married to a British woman, works as a part-time correspondent in Moscow for the London Evening News, lives auspiciously well, and sometimes does unofficial chores for the Kremlin. Eventually, Louis was forced to turn to a publisher whose reputation is as offbeat as his own: Alex Flegon, a Rumanian refugee who operates a small press in London and specializes in smuggling dubious literary material in and out of the Soviet Union.

Soviet Scheme. Louis' mission to London was a sure sign that the Soviet Union has given up its high-pressure, but unsuccessful, campaign to persuade the U.S. and other Western countries to postpone publication of Svetlana's book until after this November's 50th-anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution. By circulating a copy of the manuscript that Svetlana left behind with friends last year when she went to India, they hoped to force premature publication of the book in the West, thus diluting its impact before the November festivities.

For a little while, the move seemed to pay off. No sooner had Flegon announced that he would publish his version in Russian and English than Svetlana and Hutchinson & Co., her British publisher, won a London court ruling temporarily stopping Flegon's plan. In order to protect their copyright under British law, Hutchinson then rushed out a handful of Russian-language copies of the book and put them on sale in obscure London bookshops. London newspapers scooped up the copies, put Russian-reading reviewers to work, and last week the gist of the memoirs was out.

"Loving Father." Readers may well wonder what the Soviets were worried about. Svetlana remembers Daddy as a "loving father who gave out tobacco-smelling kisses" and wrote kind letters promising his daughter pomegranates from the Black Sea coast. She tries to dispose of the old rumor that Stalin murdered her mother, who was his second wife. They had a little quarrel at a Kremlin banquet in honor of the 15th anniversary of the November revolu-



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STALIN & DAUGHTER (1934)

The wonder is what the worry was about.

tion, Svetlana concedes, but she insists that her mother shot herself that evening. "The fact is," says Svetlana, "that Stalin himself never killed anything in his life except hawks and hares, and did not know how to."

Perhaps, but Russia's dictator did have his share of quirks. He hated to go out in public, he said, because crowds would gather and applaud "with mouth open, the fools." He pouted when he saw wives of Soviet officials in foreign dress. He complained, "I can't breathe in here," when he smelled perfume in a room. After his eldest son, Yasha, bungled a suicide attempt, Stalin shouted: "Missed, you great fool!" He slapped Svetlana twice across the face when, at 17, she fell in love with a middle-aged Jewish dramatist. His spies trailed her when she wandered with boy friends through Moscow streets during World War II looking for a secluded place in which to kiss. The agents, she writes, were too fearful of her father's anger to report to him what they witnessed.

"**Ghastly Death.**" Was Stalin, at 73, the victim of a doctors' plot, as some people still believe? Svetlana says no. In fact, she writes, he was so fearful of a conspiracy that, in 1953, in the last months of his life he banned doctors from the Kremlin and treated himself with doses of iodine. Svetlana was at her father's bedside in his final three days. In the last twelve hours, his breathing reflexes numbed by the spreading hemorrhage, he slowly, painfully choked to death. It was, writes Svetlana, a "ghastly death. I felt like a good-for-nothing daughter who had in no way helped this old sick man who was rejected and alone on his Olympus."

That was the way Stalin's death was reported at the time. As for the rest of Svetlana's reminiscences about him, far more damaging facts have been freely published before.

MERCENARIES

The Terrible Ones

When they are not drinking bitters at the Zambesi Club bar in London, the hearty-mannered young men in open-necked sports shirts spend most of their time carefully scanning the help-wanted ads. Right now there are few openings for their specialized skills. But they are sure that somewhere soon, most likely in Africa or the Middle East, they will find a fight that they will be paid to join. They are mercenary soldiers, members of a dwindling fraternity of adventurers who lay their lives on the line for money.

Kaffir-a-Day. Zambesi Club "mercs" are white Rhodesians and South Africans from Colonel "Mad Mike" Hoare's Fifth Commando—a unit that left the Congo last April after stamping out a Communist-instigated rebellion of Simba warriors. Other mercenaries include Sahara-scorched French veterans of the O.A.S. uprising in Algeria, tough British colonial troops from the old Indian army, and unashamedly racist Rhodesians who joke about "sending a Kaffir a day to heaven." In the Congo, they earned the nickname *Les Affreux* (the Terrible Ones). Scores of them can be found in the bars of Johannesburg and Salisbury, in Brussels, Paris and Marseille.

About 100 mercenaries are now training royalist guerrillas in the hills of Yemen, and a squad of ex-R.A.F. pilots known as "the Dangerous Dozen" fly jet fighters for Saudi Arabia. In the Nigerian civil war, a mercenary of uncertain nationality named Johnny "Kamikaze" Brown pilots the battered B-26 bomber owned by the rebel regime of Biafra.

But the best market for mercenary employment remains the Congo, where President Joseph Mobutu is now trying to quell a mutiny led by some 150 whites, who were hired a few years ago by ex-Premier Moïse Tshombe but have more recently been on Mobutu's payroll. That mercenary force had by last week battled its way out of a forest encampment near Obokote in Kivu Province and was pushing toward Bukavu near the Rwanda border, where a small government garrison was waiting.

Species of Superman? The mercenary apparently gets great emotional satisfaction from his work. In a new book, *Congo Mercenary*, Colonel Hoare, who is now retired and living on a yacht moored off Durban, reflects that a large number of his recruits were drunks, dope addicts and ("the greatest surprise of all") homosexuals.

Whatever he was at home, the average white mercenary quickly pictures himself as a species of superman in the jungles of Africa. He soon finds that he is in charge of his own personal retinue of blacks. Equipped with better arms and much better military brains, he can go confidently into battle against an enemy that outnumbers him 20 to 1—and that flees in terror at his ap-

proach as tribal drums beat the message "The white giants are coming."

Fringe Benefits. All mercs are well paid. Pilots in Saudi Arabia command as much as \$2,800 a month, and mercs in Yemen, many of them radio and demolition technicians, earn more than \$1,000 a month. In the Congo, where the hazards are greater and more than 100 mercenaries have been killed in three years, the pay is less. It averages \$800 a month—with bonuses for perilous assignments. But there are also fringe benefits that come from plundering captured properties.

Such opportunities are getting harder to find. The U.N. Security Council recently passed a resolution condemning countries that harbor mercenaries. Only three weeks ago, French police detained seven mercenary recruits as they boarded a plane in Nice for service in the Congo, and Belgium is about to pass a law providing strict penalties for recruitment of mercs. But whatever the restrictions, while there are wars to be won, mercenary soldiers are likely to find a job. They have always been hated by those whom they fought, just as they have been defended by those they defended—as in British Poet A. E. Housman's famous "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries":

These, in the day when heaven was falling,

The hour when earth's foundations

fled,

Followed their mercenary calling

And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky

suspended;

They stood, and earth's foundations

stayed;

What God abandoned, these

defended,

And saved the sum of things for

pay.



"MERCS" RELAXING IN THE CONGO
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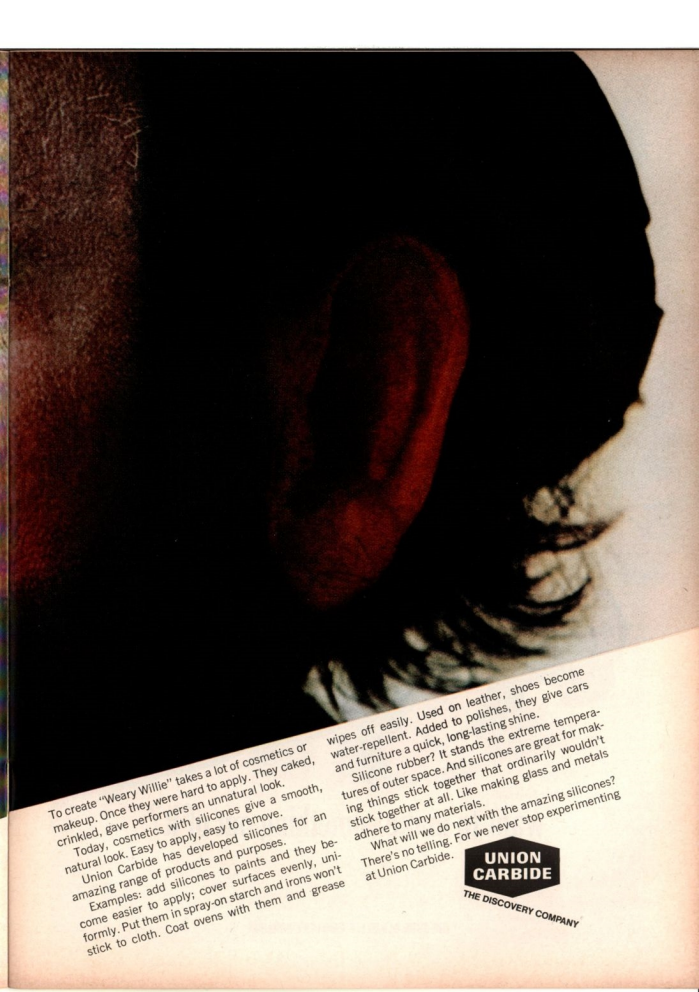
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International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ITT



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PEOPLE

To the 13,000 Boy Scouts encamped at their quadrennial World Jamboree in Idaho, she was the logical guest of honor, even if she doesn't exactly rough it in her 16th century palace in London, built by Cardinal Wolsey and touched up by the initials of Queen Elizabeth I carved into the woodwork in 1568. For at 78, **Lady Baden-Powell**, widow of scouting's founder, still serves as Chief Commissioner of the 6,000,000-member World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts ("We've had them all—Queen Elizabeth, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, and that nice little Queen of Greece"), urges forward the cause of scouting with unflagging noblesse. "When I travel, I always call on ministers and kings and queens,"

proach that wretch?" Besides, he said, "to have amnesty one must first have been pronounced guilty. For what it is worth, I have never been convicted."

A naval commander in World War II, **Prince Philip**, 46, is predictably a demon in a dinghy. A brisk breeze rippled the sea as the duke sailed a Flying Fifteen sloop to the starting line off the Isle of Wight in his first skipperly confrontation with that not notably nautical upstart, **Prince Charles**, 18. But with the aid of a ringer crewman, Flying Fifteen Designer Uffa Fox, Charles finished a respectable 13th in the field of 22, chanted snatches of *The Pirates of Penzance* as he sailed past his dead-laid daddy, "He's going to be a great helmsman," cried Fox. "He's got it all."

"I got famous first for nothing," she said, "so now I'm much more concerned with the work than the fame." Created whole by expostulatory publicity as the jet set's hottest afterburner three years ago, **Baby Jane Holzer**, 27, is trying "to find reality" through acting, has graduated from \$200 underground films to a genuine Hollywood talk-on. She is also enjoying her most stunning success to date—undulating on the floor of off-Off Broadway's Café La Mama as the hopefully seductive heroine of a one-act called *The Love Lecture*. "You give your all, and they dig it," said Baby Jane. "You can't play a part without facing yourself and communicating." "It's really groovy," agreed her leading man, "all that rolling around onstage together."

"Haul down my flag, please, Jerry," said the admiral to his aide, and as 3,000 Annapolis midshipmen and officers threw a final salute, **David Lamar McDonald** closed out a brilliant 43-year career in the Navy, the last four as Chief of Naval Operations and the Navy's champion on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A Georgia boy who graduated from Annapolis in 1928, Dave McDonald served 14 months as executive officer aboard the carrier *Essex* in World War II, made his stars at SHAPE and as Commander in Chief of U.S. Naval Forces Europe, before jumping over seven senior admirals to become CNO in 1963. Now, at 60, he intends to duck "a big job" and "get so many little irons in the fire that it won't hurt if I pull one out."

One might think that another voyage by **Robert Manry**, 50, lone conqueror of the Atlantic two years ago in his 13-ft. *Tinkerbell*, would call for a few squee-ooos of the boatswain's whistle. But nobody even raised a dockside martini. To be sure, Manry had changed his *modus navigandi* considerably. His boat was a new, fiber-glass 27-footer outfitted with a record player, a TV set, a wife and two teen-aged children,

and he had only charted a yearlong bathtub cruise from his home port of Cleveland to the Bahamas and back. "We think it will be educational for the kids," said Wife Virginia, but the thrill seekers ashore would have none of it. "What kind of adventure is there in going down the Mississippi?" snorted a kibitzer from Manry's yacht club. "Hell, even Tom Sawyer did that."

First Lady? Yep, and First Baby Sitter too. While Luci Nugent and Husband Patrick buzzed off for two weeks in New York and the Bahamas, **Lady Bird Johnson** took over the care and feeding of Grandson Lyn, now six weeks old. She fixed up a third-floor White House bedroom as a nursery, plugged any gaps in her memory of maternal routine by signing on Luci's childhood nanny for the duration. With all hatches secured, Granny Bird herself then left for New York for two days of shop-



LADY BADEN-POWELL AT JAMBOREE
Queens in the parlor.

she says. "There's a lot of them left." And should she meet a commoner unfamiliar with the name of Baden-Powell, she still quotes a rhymed guide to pronunciation taught her by her husband 55 years ago:

Man, matron, maiden
Please call it Baden;
Further to Powell,
Rhyme it with Noel.

Forgotten in Brazilian exile for the past four years, after accusing Charles de Gaulle of "treason" in granting Algerian independence, France's **Georges Bidault**, 67—twice a postwar Premier, nine times Foreign Minister—took several large steps closer to home, established residence in Belgium and promised a return to France soon. In the meantime, he vowed to say and do nothing to blight Belgian-French relations. When reporters asked if he would approach De Gaulle for an amnesty, Georges replied grandly: "I, Bidault, ap-



LADY BIRD JOHNSON & LYN
Nanny for the duration.

ping. Lyn's carefree parents, meanwhile, removed themselves to Nassau, where they will celebrate their first anniversary this week in a ten-room beachside villa lent them by a friend of L.B.J.'s.

Except for the new freeways, she said, Los Angeles looked the same as when she last saw it in 1957—but that was before she got a proper tour. One of the additions is the 2,100-seat Howard Ahmanson Theater, where **Ingrid Bergman**, 51, will open in September in the first American production of Eugene O'Neill's last, unfinished play, *More Stately Mansions*. Absent from the U.S. stage since 1946, Ingrid will play *Mansions* for six weeks in Los Angeles, then bring it to Broadway for a three-month run. She ought to be ready. In 1941, when 25-year-old Ingrid was performing in O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, the playwright confided that he was working on a play called *More Stately Mansions*, in which there was the role of a destructively possessive mother that she was equipped to handle in every respect but age.

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

The Big Sky Beat

Covering the Moscow air show last month, most of the Western press reported that Russia had unveiled six new military aircraft—not a remarkable showing. U.S. and British intelligence made the same estimate. But in 35 pages of text and photos, McGraw-Hill's *Aviation Week & Space Technology* proved them all wrong. The magazine's eagle-eyed reporters had spotted twelve new Soviet planes, some of them comparing favorably with U.S. models. The findings led Editor in Chief Robert B. Hotz to warn that the Soviets are "devoting an increasingly large effort to developing hardware and tactics for fighting non-nuclear limited war."

Such precision has come to be expected of *Aviation Week*, the biggest and most proficient of the aerospace-industry publications. Since Hotz became editor in 1955, circulation has risen from 60,000 to 102,000; advertising revenue from nearly \$4,000,000 to \$7,000,000 last year. The magazine's editorial staff has grown from 17 to 40; trained engineers and literate newsmen provide the magazine with technical accuracy and readable English. Its influence is indisputable. Last April, when the magazine noted that MIG fighter jets were enjoying a sanctuary at some North Vietnamese airfields, members of Congress used the piece to bolster their argument that the fields should be attacked. They soon were. When the British government seemed on the point of withdrawing from the Anglo-French supersonic-transport program, *Aviation Week* warned that such a decision could reduce Britain to a "second-rate techno-

logical power." Many M.P.s praised the article, and it helped persuade the British to stay with the program.

Finding Trouble. Though it sometimes leaps to premature conclusions, *Aviation Week* has always shown a knack for getting the news even when attempts are made to conceal it. The magazine was the first to reveal that U.S. radar had been installed in Turkey to eavesdrop on Soviet ICBM tests. The troubles of the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter were first noted in its pages. The first suggestion that the Russians were installing ballistic missiles in Cuba was published by the magazine. Three months ago, it broke the news that the Soviets were shipping surface-to-surface missiles to North Viet Nam to be fired across the demilitarized zone. Russia's top military officers scan every issue. Soviet Aircraft Designer Andrei Tupolev told Hotz at a Paris air show: "Your pictures of my airplanes are better than the ones I get back home."

For a business publication, *Aviation Week* is surprisingly independent of the industry it covers. Hotz has repeatedly questioned the ethics of aerospace manufacturers' lavishing free travel and entertainment on military people who control defense contracts. "Neither the aerospace industry nor the military," he wrote, "have exhibited much sense in their blatant exhibitions of how they can squander the taxpayers' dollars in public saturnalia designed to make a pitch for individual service." He has also urged commercial airlines to lower their fares and pay better wages to their maintenance crews. Occasionally a company indignantly pulls its ads; sometimes a disgruntled advertiser complains to Publisher Robert W. Martin

Jr., who always backs his editor. "They never question our facts," says Hotz, "only our right to print them."

Curing Riots. Not that *Aviation Week* does anything to undermine the aerospace industry. It enthusiastically supports expansion of the industry and opposes Defense Secretary McNamara's attempts to economize on aerospace purchases. Prone to be overexcited by Soviet technical achievements, the magazine supports the establishment of an anti-ballistic missile system. An Air Force intelligence officer in World War II, later public relations director of United Aircraft, Hotz is a super-hawk to the point of suggesting that the Sino-Soviet split may be a ruse to lull the U.S. into a false sense of security.

From a spacious Washington office crowded with hundreds of scale models of aircraft and rockets, Hotz directs his growing magazine. He already has bureaus in London and Geneva; this fall he plans to open another in Bangkok. "With 27 airlines providing service," he says, "this city is an aerial crossroads of the world, just as Singapore was a naval crossroads in the past."

After running searching accounts of the Viet Nam air war, the Israeli victory and the causes of Boeing 727 crashes, Hotz aims to investigate the "sociological implications" of aerospace technology. "As an industry that embraces the spectrum of modern technology," he wrote last week, "the aerospace industry has a special responsibility to respond to the challenges of a Newark or Detroit. It has technology that could be applied, from new and less lethal methods of riot control to systems planning and management capacity. This technology could redesign urban complexes, create effective regional transportation systems and provide the jobs that would absorb much of the energies now dissipated in violence."

NEWSPAPERS

Swinging Lady

Britain's newspapers are in the doldrums—victims of a national economic squeeze that has cut severely into their ad revenues. Yet the London Times, once considered the most vulnerable of them all, has snapped out of the crisis in a way that has startled Fleet Street. Under its new owner, Lord Thomson, the stodgy "Grey Lady of Printing House Square" has turned into a stylish swinger. In the seven months since the Thomson team took over, her circulation has jumped to 350,000—a 30% increase. "The British have lost an institution," says Columnist Peter Jenkins of the rival Guardian, "but gained a newspaper."

The Times has become a "newspaper" by broadening its appeal. No longer does it smugly boast "Top people read the Times." They still do, but now the paper lures younger and even non-U readers. Billboards and subway posters picturing an overalled mechanic proclaim: "It took Bill Sawyer twelve days



"AVIATION WEEK" STAFFER & CAPTURED SAM IN SINAI



EDITOR HOTZ

Never a question of facts—only about the right to print them.

ALAN CLIFTON

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS



REES-MOGG & HAMILTON

To pursue the news instead of merely pondering it.



JAGGER

to discover that he was a Times reader. How long will it take you?" Last week the Times printed the names of 807 honours graduates of 34 redbrick provincial universities—the first time the paper has listed graduates from any schools other than Oxford and Cambridge.

Bylines & Task Forces. The Times used to be filled with long, solemn dispatches from the Sudan or Singapore that were dutifully read by vicars, ex-sahibs and bowler-hatted commuters to The City. Now it prints shorter, snappier pieces on crime, Carnaby Street and California hippies. Reporters are no longer anonymous; they have bylines and are told to pursue the news rather than just ponder it. Editor in Chief Denis Hamilton has set up a five-man task force that stands ready to cover any breaking story at home or abroad. The old Times was never in such a rush.

To attract more businessmen, Hamilton has spun off all financial news into a separate section with its own editorials, gossip column and a recently doubled staff of 50. Woman's Editor Susanne Puddefoot, 32, has disdainfully left the home behind and plunged into the thick of London affairs. "The Times has had an excessively masculine image," she says, "at a time when the differentiation between masculine and feminine is not so strong." To right the balance, she has run lively stories on everything from the troubles of immigrant women to a London matron falsely accused of shoplifting.

Despite all the changes, much of the material of the old Times still appears in the new. The paper continues to carry detailed parliamentary news, lawyer-written law reports and the Court Circular, which keeps track of British royalty. Top people can still discover what other top people are up to in columns of high-toned chitchat. Though demoted from the front page to the back, the personal-ad column still

evokes an engagingly eccentric England. Butlers and nannies proffer their respectable services, bird lovers and wine connoisseurs seek out rarities.

Enter Errors. In making the transition to a more with-it paper, the Times has sacrificed some of its traditional qualities. It is no longer free of typos or factual errors. When a correspondent authoritatively reported that Macaulay "told us a great deal about 19th century parliamentarianism in his studies of medieval England," learned readers replied that Macaulay never wrote about medieval England. Equally slapdash, a columnist recently described Stokely Carmichael as "one of the most influential men in America."

To connoisseurs of the Times, however, the single most significant change is in the leader (editorial) page. Incisively written editorials come to an unmistakable point. Editor William Rees-Mogg, a 38-year-old Oxonian with a habit of self-deprecation, writes most of them himself. He showed no hesitation in putting the once empire-minded paper solidly behind the British withdrawal east of Suez. "You can't police an empire you've no longer got," he says. He aroused the ire of the acid-heads when he argued that the pleasures of drug taking are not worth the perils. Though the Times risked being charged with contempt of court, it was the first British daily to condemn the harsh three-month prison sentence given Pop Singer Mick Jagger for illegal possession of pep pills. Last week the Court of Appeal reduced Jagger's sentence to a year on probation. "This was a magnificent case of the editor of the Times acting as the leader of British journalism," says Peregrine Worsthorne, assistant editor of the Sunday Telegraph. "Earlier editors would have been too establishment-minded to rally to the defense of a pop star involved in a drug case."

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MUSIC

PIANISTS

Beyond Dexterity

"So many people," sighs Pianist Daniel Barenboim, "regard music as a matter of ability." In Barenboim's case, that is understandable enough. At 24, the short (5 ft. 6 in.), mop-haired Israeli has the ability in his small hands to master the full range of keyboard sounds and effects. Barenboim shrugs it off. Technique is essential, but what counts more is musicianship.

That attitude sets Barenboim apart from a great many young professionals who are pianists to their fingertips, but unfortunately not to their minds and hearts. They hone their technique to a cold, steely edge, then use it to slice uniformly through whatever music is at hand. Barenboim, on the other hand, believes that "true technique is sound. Every composer, every piece, requires a different world of sound."

Orchestrated Piano. Last week at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, as he and the Israel Philharmonic launched the orchestra's 15-city North American tour, Barenboim created a sound-world for Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 3* that showed how far beyond mere dexterity his technique goes.^{*} Threading themes together, balancing passages against each other, molding the contours of the composition, he displayed a sensitivity and sense of structure that are lacking in many musicians twice his age. "Unless I feel the totality of the thing," he explains, "I can't understand what's going on. And if I can't, what must it sound like to the audience? Chaos."

Barenboim's quest for "the totality of the thing" has led him from the

piano to the conductor's podium, which now accounts for a quarter of his more than 100 annual bookings. When the Israel Philharmonic went on to Cleveland last week, he led it from the piano in a smoothly flowing performance of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 1*, then stood up to conduct Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7* with crisp authority. Such experience helps him as a pianist, he says, because "piano music is so symphonic. The piano is a neutral-sounding instrument on which you have to orchestrate the other sounds—the oboe, the horn, the strings."

Beethoven's 32. Barenboim's career parallels that of most prodigies. Born in Buenos Aires, he began studying with his piano-teacher parents when he was five, gave his first recital at seven. After his parents resettled in Tel Aviv, he studied in Europe, becoming at 13 the youngest student ever to win a master's degree at Rome's Academy of Santa Cecilia. Besides taking up conducting, he learned the violin to see music from still another angle, and he did some composing to give his playing "a quality of understanding."

Such a background gives Barenboim a fresh and unabashed outlook on some of the challenging peaks of the piano repertory. Most pianists refrain from tackling Beethoven's 32 sonatas until their ripest years. Barenboim had learned them at 14, played them in a cycle of concerts in London last spring, and is now recording them all on the Angel label. "If you could work to an ideal interpretation, then you'd have to wait to record everything on the day before you die," he says. "All music is something that's made at a certain time. And it doesn't get better by being left in a drawer."

JAZZ

A Way Out of the Muddle

Jazz, which every few years is pronounced dead and then somehow revives, has really begun to develop fatal symptoms lately. Its traditional styles are suffering from hardening of the arteries, its avant-garde is in the grip of a frenzied obscurity, and its fever chart at the box office is down, down, down. But now, just as the mourning is starting in earnest, jazz is getting a vital transfusion from the people who seemed to be helping to dig its grave—the rock 'n' rollers.

Rock music, like jazz, derives in part from the blues, and this common heritage provides the basis on which rock is injecting itself into the jazz idiom (at the same time, of course, absorbing elements of jazz into its own idiom). Recent recordings by Ramsey Lewis, Cannonball Adderley and Gabor Szabo demonstrate how successfully—and sometimes how superficially—jazz can be superimposed on a rock foundation. More significantly, several jazzmen



CORYELL

Transfusion from the gravediggers.

young enough to be in the rock generation are emerging to show what can be done when the two strains are thoroughly fused. Two of the most original:

► **Jeremy Steig**, 24, a wildly lyrical flutist and the leader of an electrified jazz-rock group called the Satyrs, which occasionally accompanies its pulsing din with such tape-recorded sounds as those of a thunderstorm or a subway train. Classically trained, Steig (son of Cartoonist William Steig) hums into as well as plays his amplified flute, mixes shimmering, bluesy cascades of notes with jabbing, rhythmic interjections, sometimes bending tones into piercing dissonances, sometimes dissolving into trills or fluttery tremolos. Jazz Critic Whitney Balliett describes Steig's musical message as "messianic, for it suggests the way out of the gloomy muddle that jazz has fallen into."

► **Larry Coryell**, 24, guitarist in the Gary Burton Quartet. Coryell builds exciting, unpredictable solos with clusters of freshly turned chords, tantalizing silences, sudden vaulting runs leading into intense twangings, and the carefully manipulated drone of feedback from his amplifier. Through it all run echoes of the blues and country music he learned as a boy in Texas, the rock he played with a group called the Free Spirits, even the gypsy airs of the late Django Reinhardt. A dropout from the University of Washington (where he was studying journalism), Coryell believes in embracing all musical styles: "If music has something to say to you—whether it's jazz, country blues, Western or hillbilly, Indian or any other folk music—take it. Never restrict yourself."

Under the lively ministrations of such newcomers as Steig and Coryell, jazz's death rattle may turn out to be only the hoarse herald of another revival. "Too many jazz musicians got to playing for cults," says Bandleader Stan Kenton. "That's not what the kids want. Rock has pumped life back into jazz."

* Another featured performer on the tour: British Cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, 22 (TIME, March 10), Barenboim's bride of two months.

ALFRED STAYLER



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RELIGION

QUAKERS

The Singing Friends

"We must not be afraid of being peculiar," declared Delegate L. Hugh Doncaster before 900 fellow Quakers from 35 nations gathered at Quaker-founded Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. To non-Quakers, it would seem that the term "peculiar" is an apt enough description. Beyond a general conviction that no man should do harm to others, Quakerism has no formal creed, and possesses no formalized liturgy or even any hierarchy.

Theologically, the Quakers range from conservative fundamentalists to Unitarian-type progressives; some anchor their belief in Christ, while others see Jesus as one among many great teachers. Nonetheless, as the ten-day Fourth World Conference of Friends ended at Guilford last week, there were signs that Quakerism is becoming, in some respects, less of an ecclesiastical curiosity.

Founded three centuries ago by an English cobbler, George Fox, the movement* has long been known for the barren simplicity of its worship service. Traditionally, the Quaker worship session has consisted principally of meditation and silent prayer. Of late, however, more and more American Quaker "meetings" (autonomous local congregations) have introduced music into their services, though it was once frowned upon as idle frivolity. Last week, for the first time at a Quaker world meeting, delegates of the North Carolina conference joined in hymns from a newly published hymnbook entitled *Let Friends Sing*, which conference officials provided for the occasion.

Converts & Clergy. Another trend in Quakerism is a new interest in winning converts. Quaker membership, which stands at 200,000 worldwide, has remained virtually unchanged since the turn of the century, and has actually dropped slightly in the U.S. (current total: 123,000). Now, several Quaker groups have launched drives for converts. One U.S. Quaker organization has appointed a secretary for evangelism. English Quakers have even taken to advertising for new members in news-

papers, and have installed an educational booth in London's theater district.

U.S. Quakerism is also giving greater attention to training professional leaders. Since the movement emphasizes the individual's direct relationship to God, one-third of the U.S.'s 1,000-odd meetings have no pastors, relying on laymen to handle such chores as religious education; where pastors exist, their preaching role is often shared by laymen who by Quaker tradition can stand up and deliver a "message" whenever the spirit moves them. Recently, there have been increasing demands among



QUAKERS AT NORTH CAROLINA MEETING
No shortage of either intellect or spirit.

American Quakers for more and better-trained personnel to take over tasks presently performed by laymen, despite criticism by conservatives that such a trend risks "substituting the intellect for the spirit."

Sense & Consensus. The agenda of last week's conference reflected no shortage of either human intellect or religious spirit. Divided among 41 roundtable groups, the subjects under discussion ran the gamut of contemporary moral concerns, from "conflict resolution" and the population explosion to disarmament, changing family patterns and poverty. When the reports of the discussions finally came before the entire group, there was no vote—since the Quakers believe in a sort of silent consensus, which they call "the sense of the meeting."

Even on the one characteristic that

most people associate with Quakers—pacifism—there was no unanimous agreement. Time was when all Quakers had to be peace backers or risk ostracism by the movement. Today, pacifism is no must; at last week's conference, a handful of Quakers privately supported the U.S. presence in Viet Nam.

Most of the delegates were pacifists, nonetheless, and the assemblage duly applauded the U.N.'s Buddhist Secretary-General U Thant, who in effect demanded that the U.S. get out of Viet Nam. Quakers happily reported that they have funneled \$25,000 to Canadians who deliver medical supplies to North Viet Nam. One group was hoping to sponsor another sally of the Quaker-owned ketch *Phoenix* into Haiphong harbor with medicines.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Getting the Word

Several Catholic orders, ranging from the Carmelite nuns to the Capuchin friars, practice the rule of silence. None has observed it as strictly as the Trappist monks who, since their founding in 1098, have made an article of conscience St. Benedict's warning that "those who talk much cannot avoid sin." Trappists have normally been allowed to speak only when intoning the Gregorian chant at High Mass, reciting prayers at five other daily services, and when it is necessary to address superiors.

A Trappist who carelessly lets words drop on other occasions is required to do penance by prostrating himself across the doorway of his abbey's refectory or sanctuary. As a substitute for the spoken word, a rudimentary sign language is the custom. For example, two fists struck against each other vertically means "work"; the index fingers and thumbs formed into a diamond signifies "bread." But in today's complex world, with Trappists operating farms and small industries, sign language is not enough. Says one Catholic prelate: "A few years ago we still used horses, but how is a monk supposed to explain a breakdown of his tractor to a mechanic in sign language?"

Recently, Trappist abbots took up the issue in a meeting at Cîteaux monastery in France, which is the order's headquarters (the order took the name Trappist from another monastery at La Trappe, France). After exhaustive debate—permitted at the abbots' policy meetings—they decided to relax the Trappists' rule of silence, a step allowed under the Second Vatican Council's decree authorizing Catholic orders to modernize their codes of behavior. The world's 80 Trappist monasteries (including twelve in the U.S.) are not about to turn into Towers of Babel; but Trappists henceforth will be allowed to speak "a very limited number of words," to be determined by individual abbots.

* Formally, the Religious Society of Friends, whose original members were dubbed "Quakers" for exhorting mankind to "tremble at the word of the Lord."

MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

The Wedding in New Canaan

Once upon a time in modern Elizabethan England, there lived a hereditary lord named Harewood. He was dashing and ruggedly handsome, and he was seventh in a line of Yorkshire earls whose title went back to 1812. His mother was the Princess Royal, and he had two uncles who were former kings; the present Queen was his first cousin, and he himself was 18th in the line of succession to the throne.

By royal standards, the lord was somewhat unorthodox. As a young man,

Chapter II. So it came to pass that the damsel with the violin was engaged by the lord to help manage his affairs. As a reward, he often took "Bambi," as he fondly called her, to concerts, sitting with her in the stalls while Marion pined in the box. In private, the lord's nights with Bambi grew bolder, and the day eventually came when she told him that she was bearing his child.

The news smote him mightily, but discretion seemed the better part of valor. Not until his mother died did he forsake Marion and move into the fine house that he had bought in St. John's Wood for Bambi and their son Mark.



HAREWOOD & BAMBI FLANKING JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

"Alas, sweet coz, not in our kingdom," said the Queen.

he met and married a part-Jewish, Austrian-born pianist. Nor was the lord content to live off his rents, for he loved music, and he journeyed about the realm, setting up festivals in Yorkshire, managing the Royal Opera, and organizing the Edinburgh music festival. When he returned home, wife Marion would soothe her lord with her piano music. And so they lived—everyone thought happily—with their three sons in their palatial country house near Leeds.

But weighty matters often called the lord from his hearth. Thus it happened one day, while he was flying in a plane over distant lands, that he chanced to gaze on a well-turned knee, and confessed himself enchanted. The lord looked further, and saw a dark-haired damsel with a violin in her lap. Much smitten by the woman, who was proficient enough to play in the Sydney Symphony and pretty enough to model, the lord determined to bide his time but to renew the acquaintance once they were back in Merrie England.

The lord's remove did not go unobserved, and soon the tongues of other lords and ladies began to wag. By and by, melancholy Marion sued for divorce on grounds of adultery. The lord offered no resistance, though the suit cost him custody of his three sons, for he had already resolved to marry the mother of his fourth son as soon as possible.

Chapter III. There was an old law in the realm: not since 1772 had a descendant of George II been allowed to marry without his sovereign's consent. So the lord sought out his cousin for her queenly permission. But since the lord was the first member of the royal family ever to be charged in court with adultery, the Queen in turn sought out her most trusted advisors. "What should we do?" she asked her Privy Counsellors. After due deliberation, they advised the Queen: "Grant the lord permission to remarry."

Thereupon the Queen called the lord, "Remarry you may," she told him, "but alas, sweet coz, not in our kingdom."

For the Queen was also the head of the Church of England and, as such, bound by laws even older than the Royal Marriages Act; the church, she informed the lord, forbids a man divorced to remarry so long as his first spouse be alive. Not only was the lord divorced, but so was Bambi, whose own 17-year-old son lived in Australia with her first husband.

Chapter IV. Forthwith the couple flew off to the former colonies, leaving their three-year-old son behind in the care of a nurse. In New York, there was a lawyer who instructed them in the customs of the land, including the testing of blood, the taking out of a wedding license, and the finding of a justice of the peace, in this case one named Allen E. Saaf who, knowing in the ways of this world, said: "Because of all the secrecy, I had an idea it was to be an important wedding."

Also, in this New World, up popped a fairy godmother, a divorcee named Ruth Lapham Lloyd, who was heiress to a Texas oil fortune. To provide the lord with a proper setting for the wedding, she turned over her somewhat unkempt Elizabethan garden and 300-acre New Canaan, Conn., estate and manor house known as Waverly. Then, so that the lord should be untroubled at his nuptials, only eight guests were invited, including one local photographer, and the details were leaked only to the nation's leading tabloid society reporter.

"Bambi began weeping—silently, with tears spilling down her face—during the wedding," wrote Columnist Nancy Randolph. "After she kissed her earl, she placed her head on his shoulder and cried openly." Then the lord led his dewy-eyed lady to the dining room so that they could cheer each other with toasts of champagne. On the wall was a painting of the exact spot in the garden where the marriage had just taken place. Noticing it, the fairy godmother took it down and presented it to the couple as a wedding gift.

Chapter V. Now that the lord's lady had her gold wedding band at last, it was time to speed home on the honeymoon to rejoice their son. Still, their troubles were not quite over. For nearly two hours the next morning, they waited while the plane's engines were repaired. Nor could the newlyweds sit next to each other until a gallant stranger offered to change his seat. At last they were together and on their way. Had they found true happiness? "Oh yes!" cried the new Countess Harewood. "That's an unnecessary question."

FASHION

It's André & Yves

The Paris fashion world for the past two weeks has been like a solid string of Broadway openings. Behind the scenes, all was hysteria, tantrums and frantic last-minute pinning, as couturier after couturier sent out his fall and winter models in one make-or-break fashion show. It was even worse out front,

where fashion editors, buyers and quick-sketch artists—most of whose skirts rode up to mid-thigh—wildly scribbled and checked programs in a furious effort to catch the new trends.

It proved an almost impossible task. If any message emerged from the pandemonium, it was that Paris this year doesn't know where fashion is going. Skirts went from six inches above the knee (often worn with thigh-high boots) to mid-shin to ankle length (in some cases worn with frilly pantaloons). For color, black was back—hardly news to raise a cheer round the world. The results, wrote Gloria Emerson in the New York Times, "seem to be dresses for women who can't stop rereading old love letters." In the end, what Paris did have to say was said best in two outstanding collections: those of Yves St. Laurent and André Courrèges.

On the Wilde Side. St. Laurent, though only 31, emerged this year—as he has for the past several seasons—as the darling of the fashion world. No matter that he has half a dozen "looks"; admirers put this down to versatility, pointing out that whatever he does he just does it better than anyone else. This year, even his black dresses somehow managed to look cheerful.

St. Laurent likes to look back to the 1920s and 1930s. Last year it was Marlene Dietrich suits and the gangster look; this year, in what was billed as homage to 84-year-old Coco Chanel, he turned out a whole series of low-waisted, high-collared, frilly-skirted dresses that brought cheers and bravos from the spectators.

For evening wear, St. Laurent extended his dinner-jackets-for-women theme by adding Oscar Wilde-type velvet knickers with jeweled buckles and garters. His chain-belt trademark was everywhere. But what looked like his biggest winners were the trim, bolero-jacketed suits, with lots of fringe on suede belts. All in all, it was enough to rate Yves a ten-minute ovation.

André Courrèges is a designer of an altogether different cut. No little gold ballroom chairs for his customers. Inside his stark white salon, the mood is discothèque, with pigtailed models frantically gyrating to earsplitting records of the Modern Jazz Quartet. His styles still echo the severe architectural geometry of his original look—the first and only new look that Paris has offered in 20 years. He still favors Mary Jane shoes and calf-length white socks, and his original miniskirt is just where he first cut it off—four inches above the knee.

What fascinates Paris buyers is that he has managed to remain Courrèges while softening his line. Softer generally meant sexier. One bountiful mannequin almost frugged herself out of a sheer organdy miniskirt that was hitched by a strap in front to a little bolero top, cut short enough to expose the underslope of her bosom. The gentlest touch of all: big imitation posies that were strewn over his pants, dresses, socks and, as an afterthought, incorporated into his models' hairdos. "I got up early this morning and started cutting out those flowers for the hair," said the usually shy designer, explaining how he came by his inspired finishing touch. "I knew something was missing."

Mini Trend Setter

The new teen-age trend setter is going to be Caroline Kennedy, or at least so predicts *Inside Movie* Publisher Myron Fass, who plans to run a picture and feature story on Caroline, done without the cooperation of the Kennedy family, in an upcoming fall issue. But Caroline is only nine? That won't matter, thinks Fass, to his largely teenage audience. Since the Manchester affair, he has found that Jackie's picture no longer sells, and Caroline is the only other female Kennedy who "has the magic." Then, too, she has been picking out her own clothes for six years now and, according to the shopkeeper at Lilly Pulitzer's boutique in



CAROLINE AT CARRIER CHRESTENING
End of the A.

Hyannis Port, she has a "fantastic" sense of color. Women's Wear Daily, too, sees her as a budding mini trend setter. Only a couple of weeks ago, Women's Wear carried a picture of Caroline wearing a tight-waisted dress at the christening of the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy*, predicted that it might mean "the beginning of the end of the A line."

THE CITY

The Flip-Top Menace

Just a mention of the subject makes police chiefs turn purple and starts manufacturers pleading for secrecy. But there is no longer any hiding the fact that an epidemic of parking-meter jamming is sweeping the nation. Behind it are the flip-top cans now being used for beer and soft drinks. Each comes with a small pull-ring, which, when twisted free, is near enough to the size of a nickel to fit into a parking meter, either turning it on or jamming it.

Chicago reports that of the 108,628 slugs pumped into its 30,000 parking meters last month, 74,524 were flip-top rings. Some 4,000 San Francisco meters were jammed by rings in the same period, and in New York, the traffic department is collecting about 20,000 rings a month. Elmer Ploof, in charge of parking-meter collections for Detroit, has scored in the city treasurer's safe two overflowing bushel baskets of rings taken from meters—out of sight perhaps, but not out of mind.

The can companies blame it on meters so unselective that they accept anything from religious medals and \$5 gold pieces to washers and bent paper clips. They are planning, however, to change the size of their flip-top rings before the end of the year, at a cost they claim will run to millions of dollars. Until then, the police are resigned to garnering an ever-growing crop of flip-tops with a loss in revenue running into the tens of thousands.



COURRÈGES' POSIES
From thigh to shin to ankle—and black.



MARY



GINGER



CAROL



MARTHA



BETTY



DOROTHY

SHOW BUSINESS

To all eleven of you adorable broads, thanks a \$35 million.

THE STAGE

MEMO

TO: The Dollys

FROM: David Merrick

I want to bring you up to date on my secret scheme to turn the whole darn country into one big musical extravaganza. I have just hired Pearl Bailey to play the lead in my all-Negro traveling company of my wonderful hit *Hello, Dolly!* Not only that, I have signed Dorothy Lamour for a twelve-week stand as Dolly at the Riviera in Las Vegas. That brings to eleven the number of you broads who have played, are playing and will play the role. I'm not counting Barbra Streisand, who will do the movie next year because—well, Hollywood just isn't legit. Besides, I only had a piece of *Funny Girl*.

This is a good opportunity to welcome the Misses Bailey and Lamour to the ranks and to tell you all how grateful I am. On occasions like this, I like to recall the words of Horace Vandergelder and his clerks in Act I: "It takes a woman, a fragile woman, to bring you the sweet things in life." I must say, it gets me right here.

I also want to thank Carol Channing for introducing Dolly on Broadway way back in January 1964, and for her 1,271 other glorious performances here in town and all over these United States. Thanks go also to Mary Martin for her Dolls in Dallas, the Midwest, on the Coast, Viet Nam, London and Tokyo (Haro, Dor!). A hearty kiss goes also to Ginger Rogers for those 18 swell months on Broadway after Carol went on tour, and looking to the future—as I am wont—for sharing the forthcoming two-shows-a-night binge with Dorothy in Vegas. How about that?

While we're at it, I want to thank Betty Grable for the wonderful job she is now doing on Broadway, and for her 15 months on the road earlier. I want to thank Eve Arden for those three months in Chicago last year, and Carole Cook for the Australian tour, and Dora Bryan for replacing Miss Mar-

tin so superbly in London, and Martha Raye for her stand this spring on Broadway, and Bibi Osterwald for her brief stands on Broadway.

I see a little bit of Dolly in every woman, but in each of you I have seen the perfect Dolly. I adore you all, my Dolls.

P.S. As of this month, the total North American box-office gross is 35 million dollies—I mean dollars.

THEATER ABROAD

Through a Twisted Glass

No mere stage work could be expected to evoke the tale of horror that issued from the trial of Adolph Eichmann. But in London last week, audiences reeling out of the St. Martin's Theater were convinced that they had experienced something like a surrealistically twisted version of the Eichmann affair. The play is *The Man in the Glass Booth*. The booth is a criminal's bulletproof dock, but the drama is anything but shatterproof.

The bizarre story, written by Play-

wright Robert Shaw,* is packed with comedy that is by turn bleak, black and breezy, but essentially it deals with identity: the identity of Jew and German, the persecuted and the persecutor, and of Christ as expiator. Arthur Goldmann, a Jewish survivor of the Nazi concentration camps, has immigrated to New York, where he has become a real estate millionaire. A strangely mixed character he is: gross, vulgar, warm, arrogant, funny, zestful. He is also strangely troubled, apparently fearful that he is being pursued by a man named Dorff, who had been a Nazi SS colonel.

Pack 'Em In. The possibility arises that Goldmann himself is Dorff, ironically, making a new life for himself as a Jew. "This isn't a rest cure," he barks at one point. "Back to work, scum. Nobody gets out except through the chimney!" Soon, a team of Israeli agents appears. They kidnap him and take him to Israel to stand trial.

He is a new man now. All the old Nazi arrogance surfaces. Asked if he is Jewish, he replies by describing a day of mass slaughter. "Am I Jewish? We light cigarettes, and we start the shooting. We fill up the bottom. They lay in from the top. The blood runs down from their heads. They lay in from the sides. We pack 'em more, and underneath there's movement . . . I'm a great packer, should have made trunks. Am I Jewish? . . . Just a day in my life. Just a clear day to enjoy forever. I don't know about my mother, but my father was pure-blooded Aryan."

Paeon. Still, his personality maintains a subtle ambiguity. When his Jewish secretary visits him in his cell, he is Goldmann/Dorff, switching characters with almost imperceptible changes in diction, accent, gesture. Back in the courtroom, he is Dorff again, exhorting the court—and the audience—with a great emotional paean to Hitler. "People of

* From his own novel, published last January. Shaw, 40, an accomplished actor, played the blond killer in *From Russia with Love* and King Henry VIII in the cinema version of *A Man for All Seasons*.



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It has only nine moving parts. It weighs less than eight pounds. And it can operate continuously for two years on a single tape. Why on earth do you suppose the great engineers of Borg-Warner ever built a machine like that?

TIME WAS when tape recorders were used only to record sounds. But times have changed. If you're a space-age scientist of today you're interested in a lot more than sounds. You want to record things like temperature levels 180 miles above the earth. Or what happens when the nose cone of a missile reenters the earth's atmosphere.

This kind of recording takes some mighty sophisticated machinery. And the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Controls Division happen to build quite a lot of it.

Take the tape recorder on the left. It's a digital recorder. Which means it

records the information it receives in terms of symbols called "bits." These bits are coded to form numbers or letters.

The roll of tape on the recorder is 1500 feet long. It can pack a staggering amount of information—as many as 500 million bits.

To make sure that these recorders do their job, the engineers of Borg-Warner built in an electronic dejittering system. It assures that electronic bits of information sent back to the earth arrive at a constant rate. If they didn't, they wouldn't make sense after being decoded.

Usually, these recorders have to work under the most trying conditions. Like in the midst of explosive shock. Or under forces up to 6000 times the pull of gravity. Or spinning weightless at 18,000 mph in a satellite.

Recorders like these are used on all manned space-flights. They help astronauts stay on target during reentry. They monitor physical reactions every moment of the flight.

In weather satellites, recorders record pictures of cloud formations as they are taken by TV cameras, and send

these pictures back to earth by radio.

Other satellites carry living plants into space. Tape recorders tell us what's happening to them.

The day is fast approaching when space-age recorders will be used by seismologists to help find oil. They may even be used to help track schools of fish in the ocean, give fishermen exact information on where to catch what.

Space-age tape recorders are only one of the many scientific breakthroughs taking place in Borg-Warner's industrial products group.

The engineers built almost all of the liquid oxygen pumps used to fuel rockets at Cape Kennedy.

They built another pump to move molten lithium—at 2200°F—through a nuclear reactor.

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What will the engineers of Borg-Warner think of next?

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Jewry," he cries. "Let me speak to you of my Führer with love. He who answered our German need. He who rescued us from the depths . . . His power lay in the love he won from the people . . . Do I see you begin to raise your hands? Do I hear you stamp your feet. He gave us our history. He gave us our news. He gave us our art. He gave us our holidays, he gave us our leisure, and he gave our newly-married a copy of *Mein Kampf*. At the end we loved him . . . With the killers of the world at our throats, the hordes from the East and West, the capitalists and the Communists, the bombers of cities, the murderers of our children, with bullets in our guts we loved him." Then comes the big shocker: "People of Israel," he declares, "if he had chosen you—if he had chosen YOU—YOU also would have followed where he led!"

As Dorff crouches in his booth, grinning triumphantly at the hushed audience, a woman rises from the fifth row of the theater and screams: "This man is not Dorff!" She had been in the same concentration camp with Goldman, she explains, and had known the real Dorff, had actually seen him killed by the Russians. The man in the glass booth is not Dorff, but Goldman.

Why? Though the play ends, the questions remain. It is here, perhaps, that Playwright Shaw has let his fascination for enigma fall him. Why should a Jewish victim pose as a Nazi? To bring Germany once again to account? To convict the Jews—suicidally resigned to fate after centuries of persecution—of partial complicity in their own destruction? Is Goldman a martyr, crying for Christ's mantle so that he may atone for the world's sins? Is he a Jewish anti-Semite? A brutal prankster? ("He's a moralist, your Honor," says the prosecutor, "and he likes bad jokes.") Shaw never answers the riddle and, in leaving his megaton theme just short of fission, lets his audience down.

Yet, apart from its nagging inconclusiveness—or perhaps because of it—*The Man in the Glass Booth* is brilliant theater. In addition to the moral-intellectual puzzle that Shaw feeds his audience, he has caught the mordant Jewish satirical humor with a keen ear. "We got a [kosher] restaurant in New York killed more Hebrews than I did," says Dorff at one point. Or, from Goldman: "Jesus! The Pope has forgiven the Jews! Get the Pope on television—we have 14 channels, he has to be on one of them!" The direction by Playwright Harold Pinter (*The Homecoming*) carries a familiar Pinteresque aura of discomforting mystery, and Donald Pleasence, as Goldman/Dorff, charges his difficult role with a splendid performance that runs from high comedy to a ghastly malevolence.

If London's critics seemed divided and even uncertain about the play, their confusion has not deterred theatergoers. *Glass Booth* seems assured of a long run—and a lot of controversy.

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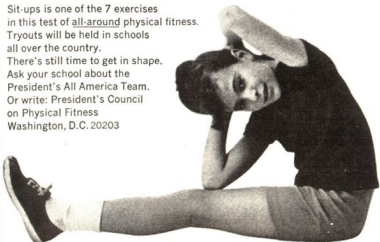
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SPORT

BASEBALL

Gashouse Revisited

A man can stand only so much. Robert D. Lee, 29, a relief pitcher with the Cincinnati Reds, learned his limit last month in a game against the St. Louis Cardinals. For five innings he sat in the bullpen and watched with rising ire as the Cards coasted along with a 7-0 lead against his team. Frustration finally got the best of Lee: bellowing like a wounded water buffalo, he charged straight out of the bullpen and attacked St. Louis Pitcher Bob Gibson on the mound. It took all of two seconds for Gibson's teammates to reach the scene—and it took 22 cops ten minutes to break up the battle that ensued. The best that could be said for Lee's gesture was that it was quixotic. The Cardinals won the game 7-3. They also won the fight—one bloody face, one bruised jaw and one chipped tooth to none.

Shades of the Gashouse Gang? Not half a dozen of the 1967 Cardinals were yet born when the famous old Redbird team was terrorizing the National League in the mid-1930s—but the family resemblance is unmistakable. There is Lou Brock dashing madly for second and sliding in safely with his 36th stolen base of the season. Curt Flood running full tilt into the centerfield wall to spear a liner that otherwise would have been a sure extra-base hit. Roger Maris crossing up the pulled-back enemy infield with a perfectly placed drag bunt. Orlando Cepeda explaining his .339 batting average and 19 home runs: "I just tell myself I'm gonna hit those cats—and boom, boom, boom." And finally there is Stan Musial, 46, the Cards' rookie general manager, calling his players together after a lost game and warning: "If you guys don't get squared away—well, I just grabbed a bat and it felt pretty good."

Relax, Stan. At the rate the Cardinals have been losing lately—hardly ever—Stan the Man (lifetime batting average: .331) can relax and enjoy his retirement. Last week, with Brock and Maris contributing two hits apiece, the red-hot Redbirds scored their tenth victory in twelve games, blanking Cincinnati 5-0 and stretching their National League lead over the second-place Chicago Cubs to seven games.

"Bounce back, bounce back," says First Baseman Cepeda. "That's the name of the game." The Cardinals' game, he means: the Cards have spent the last two seasons in the second division, and experts figured them for no better than fifth this year. Who could have figured that Cepeda, traded away by the San Francisco Giants after he batted .176 in 1965, would currently be No. 1 candidate for Most Valuable Player in the National League? Or that Leftfielder Brock, a castoff from the Chicago Cubs, would be riding an eleven-game hitting streak? Or that Rightfielder Maris, who was considered all washed up by the New York Yankees after he hit .239 in 1965 and .233 in 1966, would be batting .289 and personally have won a dozen games with timely base hits? Or that Catcher Tim McCarver's batting average (.318) would be up almost 50 points over 1966? Or that Second Baseman Julian Javier would already have driven in more runs (43) and hit more homers (11) than he did all last year?

No Fuss, Red. With six regulars batting over .280, the Cards are a pitcher's nightmare. In 106 games, only 17 rival hurlers have lasted nine innings against them—and three of those lost. The potent hitting also helps to cancel out a couple of Cardinal weaknesses. The No. 1 team in the National League ranks No. 2 in committing errors afield. Nor is their pitching much to rave about. No St. Louis starter has yet

won more than ten games, and the problems are complicated further now, because Bob Gibson has a broken right leg that will keep him out of action at least until September.

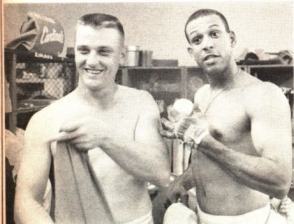
"We know we've got a chance for the pennant, but we're not making any fuss over it," says Manager Albert ("Red") Schoendienst, 44, longtime star second baseman and Stan Musial's roommate for 13 years while both were playing for the Cardinals. But then, Schoendienst never does make a fuss. And his permissive approach to managing is the perfect prescription for the Cards—especially for such key men as Cepeda and Maris, both of whom came to the team tagged as sulkers and malingerers. No longer. Explains Maris: "I like it here. The pressure's off. In New York you got it if you didn't hit; and even if you did hit, it was always the wrong kind of hit. Here all anybody asks is that you go out and do your job the very best you can."

HORSE RACING

Transistors from Panama

Looking over a list of leading jockeys recently, one American rider gumbled: "I'm going to Panama to become a U.S. riding sensation." He has a point. In U.S. horse racing these days, the road to riches obviously starts in Panama. Last year Panama's Braulio Baeza took \$2,951,022 in purses, second highest total in history; his countryman, Manuel Yeaza, has won more than 2,000 races in eleven years. The best grass-course rider in the U.S. is Heliodoro Gutierrez, and of the eleven top money winners so far in 1967, four are Panamanians: Baeza, Jacinto Vázquez, Lafitt Pincay Jr. and the winningest jockey of them all, Jorge Velásquez, 20. With 248 victories by last week, Velásquez seems almost certain to become the third man ever to win more than 400 races in one year.

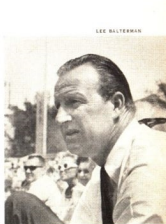
Panama has never been celebrated



MARIS & CEPEDA



SCHOENDIENST



MUSIAL

With a brawl, a bunt and boom, boom, boom.



VELÁSQUEZ AT NEW JERSEY'S MONMOUTH PARK
Seeing the U.S. in style.

for its horseflesh, and boasts only one race track in the whole country. What it does have is an abundance of tough, transistorized youngsters who grab at racing as one good way to leave Panama and see the U.S. in style. Jorge Velásquez was 15 and eking out a living on a farm when he managed to get a job as an exercise boy at Panama City's track. Standing 5 ft. 3 in. and strong as a bull, he got his first mount in 1963, when he was 16—and at 18 he set a six-month track record with 177 victories. The money was paltry, but better than getting pelted by the fans. "In Panama," he says, "you don't ride good, they throw things."

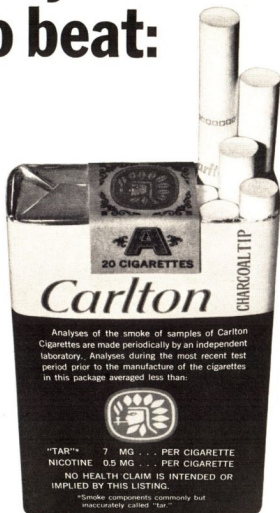
By 1965 he was in the U.S., riding for Owner Fred Hooper. Within four months, Velásquez won 89 races and set a New Jersey record by booting home six winners in a single day at Garden State Park. His 300 victories last year put him second to Cuba's Avelino Gómez for the riding championship, and so far this season he is well ahead of his closest rival.

Icy and taciturn, he is a master at getting a horse cleanly out of the gate, never rushes his mount too soon; if a horse has anything left for the stretch, Velásquez will get it out of him—with a silky touch, not a whip. "Suppose I come to the stretch head to head with another horse," he says, "and I whip him—and he loses balance. The race is lost."

With an income of \$150,000 or so this year, Velásquez sports a powder-blue Cadillac and is planning to set up an investment fund. He keeps his Long Branch, N.J., apartment crammed with photos of his winning mounts and a huge record collection, which he usually enjoys alone. "I am not lucky with girls," he shrugs. "I am only lucky with horses, but then you can't win 'em all."

For those interested in the amount of "tar" in the smoke of their cigarette

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NO HEALTH CLAIM IS INTENDED OR
IMPLIED BY THIS LISTING.

*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."

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The American Tobacco Company

ART

PAINTING

Tapping the Mother Lode

"There is something in the very name of Florence that suggests refinement and pleasurable emotions," wrote Boston-born James Jackson Jarves, America's first real collector of Italian Renaissance art, in 1852. At the time, few Americans agreed with him. When his collection of 143 Pre-Raphaelite paintings

Only notable holdout: Washington's National Gallery, which on its own has raised \$75,000 for CRIA but has a set policy against lending any foreign art.

One of the fascinations of the exhibit is the juxtaposition of paintings that gallerygoers would normally have to travel miles to compare. An outstanding example is two wood panels illustrating the birth of the Virgin and her presentation in the temple, which until the 1930s hung in the Barberini Palace in Rome. Then one was acquired by Manhattan's Metropolitan, the other by Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Now they are back together again, offering a double portion of the pale palette, polished perspective and high-waisted *principessas* painted by the anonymous 15th-century artist known only as "the Master of the Barberini Panels." An early, conventional portrait done by Titian around 1525, from Omaha, hangs near his 1565, darkly haunting *Ecce Homo*, from St. Louis. The contrast between the pair illustrates the degree to which the Venetian evolved his own austere, luminous, intensely personal style that became finer and more influential among succeeding generations.

So rich is the mother lode of Italian art that four different generations of American collectors have mined it without too much duplication. Pioneer Jarves, whose collection was eventually auctioned off to cover his debts and bought by Yale for a bargain \$22,000, is represented in the CRIA exhibit by a Siennese wood panel *Annunciation*, by Francesco di Giorgio and Nerocio dei Landi. The precise taste of turn-of-the-century Railway Heir Henry Walters is illustrated by the three exquisitely patinated bronzes lent by the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, which he founded. The spirit of J. P. Morgan, whose lavish purchases built the art market to unprecedented heights before World War I, is evoked by the five manuscripts lent by Manhattan's Morgan Library.

Under the Big Top. Circus Master John Ringling never could resist a painting big enough to display under a big top, and the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Fla., has contributed a swashbuckling, 7½-ft.-high Veronese. Dime Store King Samuel Kress left one collection of Italian paintings to the National Gallery—and a second to 18 different museums around the U.S., three of whom sent contributions to the CRIA exhibit. While most works acquired by collectors have by now come to rest in museums, some at the Wildenstein still reside in private homes. A charming statuette of Michelozzo's *St. John the Baptist*, owned by Manhattan Philanthropist Alice Tully, is being shown in public for the first time.

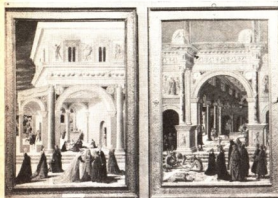
ARCHITECTURE

New Faces for L'Enfant

The 20th century may be an age of reinforced concrete, steel, aluminum and glass. But when it comes to city planning, architects can only express admiration for the grand design for Washington, D.C., as it was originally laid down by France's Pierre Charles L'Enfant in 1791. No architect affirms this more staunchly than San Francisco's Nathaniel Owings, senior member of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. He has good reason to: he is chairman of the President's Temporary Commission on Pennsylvania Avenue and is also responsible for drafting a master plan for developing the mile-long Capitol Mall. In both cases his aim is the same: "A return to the simple but grand design of two centuries ago."

Already plans are going ahead for a huge reflecting basin at the base of the Capitol (a new freeway will be routed underneath the basin). Elsewhere, plans are being developed for underground parking for 25,000 cars, which at present clog the Mall and surround the Lincoln Memorial with a carbon-monoxide sea at rush hour. Funds are also now available for the Pershing Monument, which will serve as the nucleus for a new National Center at the White House end of Pennsylvania Avenue. And as of last week, most of the go-ahead signals had been given for three major structures that Owings believes will give impressive body and substance to the emerging new Washington.

Fortress of Mystery. In what was hailed as a landmark event in giving back to Pennsylvania Avenue its role

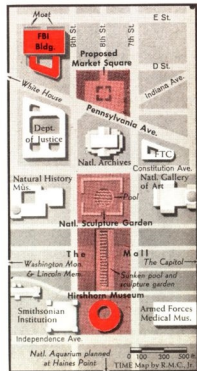


BARBERINI TWINS AT THE WILDENSTEIN
Neither d—d, ridiculous nor Chinese.

was shown in New York in 1860, critics panned them decisively as "weak and fettered," "the crude expression of Genius grappling with superstition." Snorted one Victorian gallerygoer, viewing a Tuscan religious panel with a gold-leaf background: "More of these d—d ridiculous Chinese paintings!"

A century has wrought a remarkable turnaround. When news of Florence's disastrous floods hit the U.S.'s front pages last fall, the whole art world responded. Brown University Professor Bates Lowry was able with little difficulty to organize the distinguished Committee to Rescue Italian Art. CRIA quickly raised approximately \$2,000,000 to aid in the restoration of damaged works. Its most recent—and most popular—fund-raising device is "The Italian Heritage," an exhibit on display through Aug. 29 at Manhattan's Wildenstein Gallery, where it has already attracted more than 11,000 visitors.

Reunion of Principessas. The CRIA exhibit (see *color opposite*) contains 74 outstanding examples of Italian and Italian-influenced painting and sculpture dating from the 13th through the 17th centuries, but it does not pretend to be a comprehensive survey of those years. Instead, says Yale's Charles Seymour Jr., director of the exhibition, it is meant to suggest "the great reservoir of Italian and Italian-oriented art that exists today in our country. It is a national exhibition, with paintings in it from all over the U.S." Some 50 museums and private collectors were approached, and 47 agreed to lend to the show (most also offered to pay insurance costs).







YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

SIENESE "ANNUNCIATION" BY DI GIORGIO AND DEI LANDI



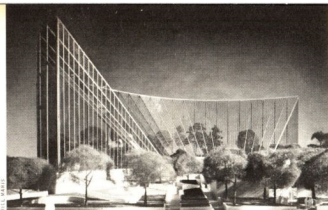
CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS

"ECCE HOMO," BY TITIAN



MICHELOZZO'S "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST"

ALICE TOLLY



ROCHE & DINKELOO'S AQUARIUM
Everglades in the horseshoe.

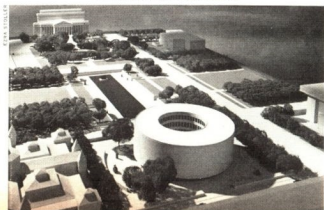
as "the axis of the nation," drawings were completed for a new \$60 million FBI building, the first major federal building to go up on the avenue in a quarter of a century. The monumental structure, designed by Chicago's C. F. Murphy Assoc., will stand at the corner of the proposed new "Market Square," to occupy one side of Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventh and Ninth streets. The imposing façade will rise the maximum 160 ft. permitted above Pennsylvania Avenue, beyond a 50-ft.-wide sidewalk (the other three sides of the building will be set off by a sunken garden, giving a moatlake effect). Windows will be small, for security reasons, while on the E Street side the building is to be dominated by eight columns, with a two-story ring of offices joining them at the top—to hold the FBI's active security files. Explains Murphy Architect Stanley Gladych: "It is a strong, severe building, like a fortress. We tried to convey a sense of mystery about the organization."

In a totally different vein, New Haven's Kevin Roche John Dinkeloo & Assoc. has designed the buoyant \$100,000,000 National Aquarium to be transparently clear and open. Located at Haines Point, in spacious Potomac Park, it is to be crowned by a 114-ft.-high greenhouse, shaped like a streamlined horseshoe, which will permit scientists from the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife to construct complete ecologies, or natural environments, within it. Reconstructed portions of the Florida Everglades, coral reefs and East and West Coast tidal pools will display

not only fish but also insects and even birds in native common habitats.

Saving the Vista. Fronting on the Mall itself, adjacent to the Smithsonian and diagonally across from the National Gallery of Art, will rise the \$15 million Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum for the \$25-\$50 million Hirshhorn gift of sculpture and paintings. Architect Gordon Bunshaft has designed a massive doughnut, to be clad in marble, as sculptural as any created by Isamu Noguchi and so vast that Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum would drop neatly into the hole. The new five-level museum will add a revolutionary new presence, from its coffered concrete underside (the museum will actually "float" above its plaza on four muscular piers) to its eccentric center court, purposely designed off-center so that galleries on the upper floors will be of varying depths and shapes.

The site picked for the Hirshhorn Museum is actually on a secondary axis laid out on the Mall 50 years ago, and Bunshaft emphasizes this by projecting across the Mall a 500-ft.-long reflecting pool surrounded by broad walkways for outdoor sculpture displays. But he had no desire to interrupt the two-mile vista that stretches from the Capitol past the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial—a vista Bunshaft considers "one of the greatest in all architecture." Instead, he has sunk the pool and sculpture area 7 ft. below the Mall level. So vast are distances in official Washington that the 7-ft. dip will appear, if at all, as the merest line across the grass.



BUNSHAFT'S HIRSHHORN MUSEUM

Who wants to be average?

It was G. K. Chesterton who wrote that the hardest thing in the world to be was exactly "average."

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That's why we spend more than four million dollars a year to maintain what we honestly feel to be one of the biggest and best Research Divisions you can find in the investment field.

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And that's why we pioneered the way in electronic computers—constantly keep looking for new ways to speed orders and confirmations and increase the efficiency of all operations for the benefit of our customers.

Which, hopefully, sometime soon might include you.

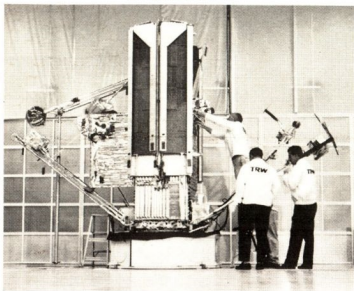


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SCIENCE



TRW ENGINEERS READYING OGO-4 FOR LAUNCH
What a jet is to a glider.

GEOPHYSICS

Dragonflies in Space

While headlines glamorize the U.S.-Russian race to the moon, man's most useful achievements in space have come as the result of an unsung project started in 1964: the U.S. Orbiting Geophysical Observatory series. Last week the fourth OGO satellite, launched from California's Vandenberg Air Force Base on July 28, was buzzing along in polar orbit without a hitch.

Resembling giant stub-winged dragonflies, OGOs circle in polar and equatorial orbits at altitudes of 170 to 90,000 miles. So far, they have logged 500,000 hours studying near-earth environment and the sun's effects on it. OGOs have recorded cosmic rays, studied very low-frequency noise in the ionosphere and fluctuations of the earth's magnetic field. They have measured the solar wind, monitored solar flares and gathered information on the nature and energy of the luminous particles in the auroras. Among OGO accomplishments: mapping the earth's magnetic field; plotting the puzzling bursts of radio noise from Jupiter; and revealing a surprising boundary layer of ions (charged subatomic particles) some 16,000 to 24,000 miles out in space. By continuously transmitting such evidence, OGOs have given scientists an unprecedented blueprint of the earth's environment.

Pennies for Progress. Designed and built by TRW systems, each OGO is a refrigerator-size box with 14 simultaneously operating instruments pointing in five directions. To maintain the proper altitude for the instruments, the core contains sensors and controls that are used to stabilize the craft. One face al-

ways points toward earth, another toward the sun, another away from the earth, one away from the sun, and a fifth in the direction the OGO travels. When two 20-ft. instrument booms and two solar panels are fully extended, the OGOs are 49 ft. long and almost 20 ft. wide, the biggest scientific satellites yet produced. According to TRW project Manager Ralph C. Turkolu, "the OGOs are to previous satellites what a jet is to a glider."

Each OGO has two \$300,000 tape recorders that store 86 million bits of information, transmit 64,000 bits a second. An OGO can send back twelve hours of stored information from 20

simultaneously operating instruments in only three minutes.

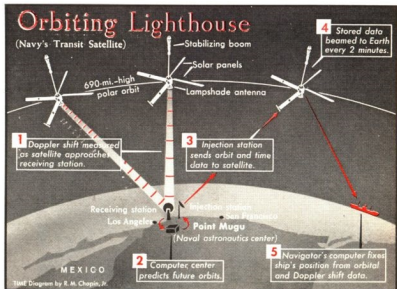
The project has suffered its share of setbacks. After 46 days in orbit, for example, OGO-3 developed a control-mechanism failure and has since operated at only 75% efficiency. But overall, the OGOs have been a resounding success. By week's end, OGO-4 was performing without a sign of trouble. At TRW's Redondo Beach, Calif., plant, scientists and engineers are testing OGO-5 and building OGO-6, both of which will be sent up next year. The entire program will cost about \$150 million—mere pennies, considering the dragonflies' scientific achievements.

NAVIGATION

Sailing by Satellite

With long-range navigational aids (LORAN), ships at sea can plot their locations to within one nautical mile. Under clear skies on a calm ocean, a good navigator can take an equally accurate fix with a sextant. But nothing does the job as well as the Navy's all-weather Transit satellite navigational system, which can pinpoint a ship's position to about 300 ft. Until now, Transit has been classified because it guides the Polaris missile submarine fleet, but last week the Government released it for use by any U.S. merchant ship.

Transit operates on a simple principle: once a satellite's location is known, two calculations of its range from any ship will determine position at sea. Under the Navy system, three Transit satellites circle the globe in 105-minute polar orbits at an altitude of 700 miles. Since the earth also rotates beneath them, the Transits provide round-the-world navigational checkpoints. Four Transit tracking and receiving stations in Maine, Minnesota, Hawaii and Point Mugu, Calif., track the satellites as they



pass within range, then relay position data to a computer center at Point Mugu. There, projected twelve-hour paths for each satellite are calculated. The future position data is fed back to each satellite, which in turn broadcasts the information at two-minute intervals. A ship equipped with special receivers and computers can then fix its own position by measuring the shifting frequency of the Transit's beeping signals. This Doppler shift, similar to the falling pitch of a passing train whistle, gives the distance between the satellite and the ship.

Until now, only a few naval and scientific vessels used the Transit system, largely because the shipboard equipment is so expensive. Custom-built, each receiver costs between \$21,000 and \$35,000, compared with \$5,000 to \$10,000 for a LORAN rig. In addition, each ship needs a \$25,000 computer. The Navy hopes that commercial manufacture will lower the unit cost, allowing more Transit use by Navy as well as merchant ships. Last week most details of the system were being turned over to interested U.S. electronics manufacturers. The company that can most efficiently simplify the system and reduce its cost will chart a market as wide as the seven seas.

AVIATION

Speeding Up Air Travel

The faster airliners fly, the longer it takes short-hop passengers to reach their destinations. More speed, more traffic, more noise and ever bigger planes—all this means that airports must be moved farther and farther from the cities that passengers are trying to reach. As a result, estimates U.S. Aviation Consultant Laszlo Boszormenyi, a New Yorker flying to Washington in a short-range jet now actually averages only 79 m.p.h. mid-city to mid-city. On the Chicago-Detroit run, the pace drops to 66 m.p.h.

The U.S. Department of Transportation and other federal agencies are now considering a preliminary proposal for passenger and cargo tests of an aircraft that could put the spring back in short-hop air travel. The tester: New York Airways, operator of a helicopter shuttle between Manhattan and nearby airports. The plane: the Breguet 941, a spectacular French STOL (short takeoff and landing aircraft), with the capability of handling passengers at points much closer to the centers of cities.

Downtown Landing. Shaped like a stubby blimp with wings, the 78-ft. Breguet 941 can carry 60 people or ten tons of cargo—5½ tons more than Canada's de Havilland Caribou, the largest operational STOL-type transport. At 270 m.p.h., it also flies faster than any helicopter and has a greater maximum range: 500 miles. Developed as a military assault transport, it can land fully loaded at speeds as slow as 55 m.p.h. on a 214-ft. runway, take off within 377 ft. One prototype model landed easily on a downtown Brussels street.

The Breguet 941 accomplishes all this

with the modest power of four 1,500-h.p. turboprop engines mounted on a 77-ft. wingspan, and two striking innovations. All four engines are mechanically linked to a flexible driveshaft set in the leading edges of the wings. If one or more engines fail, all four of the 941's big 15-ft. propellers continue to spin, powered by the engines still running. In addition, the wings are equipped with outsize flaps that lower to an angle of 105°—about 15° more than the flaps of any conventional aircraft. The big propellers and abnormal flap angle are the source of the 941's superior STOL capability.

So impressed was McDonnell Aircraft with the 941—even before its first-rate performance at the 1965 Paris Air Show—that the company quickly ob-

tain any armor now in use. "The difference between this material and other nylon fabrics is primarily a matter of weave," says Weinberger, who is keeping the pattern a secret until his patent is granted. "It works by diverting the impact energy from the impact point." Threads of the new material, says Davis Aircraft President Robert L. Davis, "pull together and tighten up when struck by a bullet, force it to wobble, then actually pucker around the projectile and stop it."

Chopper Armor. As protection against shrapnel, which inflicts 80% of all wartime wounds, U.S. troops now wear 10-lb. nylon felt vests. Davis claims that his 8-lb., all-nylon version wards off not only shrapnel, but also direct hits from small arms up to .38 caliber.

J. HAYWARD—UPIAS



BREGUET 941 LANDING OUTSIDE PARIS
Some spring for the short hop.

tained a license to manufacture a U.S. Breguet to be designated the McDonnell 188-E. Although the plane is yet to be built, McDonnell is negotiating a contract with N.Y. Airways for a three-year demonstration of the plane in the crowded Northeast. U.S. Transportation Secretary Alan S. Boyd believes that aircraft such as the Breguet 941 will one day dominate short-range U.S. commercial flight.

TECHNOLOGY

Stopping Bullets with Nylon

To prove a point in the most graphic way, Czech-born Engineer Jan V. Weinberger of Ottawa once shielded himself with a sheet of nylon and let a Canadian soldier jab at him with a bayonet. Anyone would have thought him mad. But the bayonet scarcely dented the fabric.

Weinberger is the proud inventor of a new nylon "body armor"—a 1/8-in.-thick fabric that holds great promise for wide use in war, law enforcement and industry. According to Davis Aircraft Products Inc., the Long Island firm which is producing and developing it, the material is 48% more effective

For helicopter pilots, he is also developing a 23-lb. vest (too heavy for infantrymen) with 14 layers; the eighth layer has stopped submachine gun slugs fired from 15 yds. In Viet Nam, helicopters are armored with titanium that stops snipers' .30-cal. bullets at 200 yds. But "any closer," says Davis, "and the bullets go right through." He proposes lining helicopters with 14-layer nylon, which can increase the amount of protection by 40% while reducing the cost of the armor by about the same amount.

The Davis-Weinberger fabric will soon be tested in Viet Nam as a boot lining to protect infantrymen against poisoned bamboo stakes set out by the V.C. At a recent Davis demonstration, a single layer of the nylon draped over a man's knee stopped a chain saw cold, indicating a wide range of possible industrial uses. Samples have since been ordered for evaluation by the Air Force, the Marines and five foreign nations. Police in several U.S. cities are also interested. During the riots, a New York City patrolman was slashed open from shoulder to waist by a looter wielding a broken bottle. "Had he been wearing our nylon riot shirt," says Davis, "he wouldn't have suffered a scratch."

EDUCATION



UPTON & STUDENTS
Breaking out of lock step.

COLLEGES

Beloit's Successful Trimester

The year-round trimester calendar for colleges has fallen into disrepute, mainly because neither students nor faculty take warmly to books during the hot sticky summers. Lack of summer enrollment was blamed largely for the University of Pittsburgh's financial crisis, and professorial discontent with the summer work led to abandonment of the trimester by the state university system in Florida. Yet this week some 800 students perspiring over final examinations at Wisconsin's Beloit College testify to the fact that the trimester can live up to its early promises.

On the surface, Beloit's success with the trimester seems easy to explain: all new students are required to attend the 15-week (May to August) summer term. While the compulsion is an obvious help, no one, of course, is compelled to attend Beloit. This is no problem, for there are volunteers aplenty, thanks to an imaginative curricular package designed by Beloit President Miller Upton to make summer attendance actually attractive for at least a third of the school's 1,100 students each year.

A Year Off. Upton's multifaceted "Beloit Plan," started in 1964, drops the usual freshman-sophomore-junior-senior divisions, in favor of lower, middle and upper classmen. This permits him to treat the two middle years as a single, highly flexible unit. The lower and upper classmen must attend three consecutive trimesters—but in the middle two years students need be on the campus for only two terms. They can choose from among some 30 combinations of classes and off-campus independent study, full-time work, foreign study or just plain vacation. A student can, in fact, arrange to ignore formal classwork and the campus for a full year, yet graduate on time. Professors, too, can get a full year off, with full

pay, by teaching for three terms in a row. Most students and faculty seem eager to put in the long stretches so they can enjoy the freedom that follows.

Upton, a rangy (6 ft. 4 in., 210 lbs.) former Tulane tackle and onetime dean of business and public administration at Washington University in St. Louis, is successfully breaking what he calls "the lock step of higher-education systems" in which, he contends, the main concern is "the system rather than the end of learning." The intensive lower class year, in which all students take a common course called "Man in Perspective" consisting of interdisciplinary readings ranging from theology to esthetics and science, is designed to provide a firmer transition from high school to the intellectual world. Beloit planners contend that the usual freshman year ends just as students are beginning to adjust to the change. Beloit's middle class then counteracts the traditional "sophomore slump" and its dropout problem by requiring students to leave academe for a spell. All must spend at least one trimester off the campus, studying or working on their own to gain maturity, relate their studies to life. Some toil in Alaskan oilfields, others guide tours through the Statue of Liberty or work in youth centers.

Committed to Teaching. Beloit students top off their four years with a one-term common interdisciplinary course, which focuses on current issues, taught in small seminars by professors from any field, who try to tap the full range of the students' on- and off-campus experiences. Students must pass a three-hour comprehensive exam in their major field, tests in natural science, social science and the humanities, and a foreign language test.

While most of Beloit's innovations have been tried elsewhere, no liberal arts college has wrapped so many together in such a cohesive package. A tough-minded team of accreditors from the North Central Association visited Beloit, admirably reported that it is accomplishing something "for which many in higher education speak and write, but which few achieve—a vigorous intellectual community and a resolution of the ever-present tension between teaching and research." At Beloit, where Upton's new system permits professors to refresh themselves periodically off campus, teaching obviously comes first.

TEACHING

The Logical Insanity of Dr. Seuss

In one wing of California's La Jolla Museum of Art, grade-school kids excitedly picked through piles of Barbie-doll heads, eyeballs, limbs and torsos for parts to build an abstract model of a city. Elsewhere, they lugged huge \$2,100 movie cameras about to film the summertime activity at the museum.

Throughout the museum last week

some 90 white, Negro and Mexican children from Southern California schools were enjoying a frenzy of creative activity. And everywhere, prancing excitedly among the kids, was a frenetic 63-year-old man whose lean face crinkled often with laughter. It was Dr. Seuss, the cartoonist and writer, whose zany animals (The Cat in the Hat, Horton the Elephant, Yertle the Turtle) have captivated some 33 million buyers of children's books. Hamming it up for the kids, he popped in front of drawings by Henry Moore, brought gales of youthful laughter as he told them the artist's name was either "Heinrich Moorehaus or Schweinhenkel Blockenkopf." He stared at the misplaced toes a girl had attached to a bongo drum-playing doll, asked: "Is that a three-toed tree toad?" He told others that he was working on "a boomerang that won't return," and has given "slipper-flippers" to adults.

"Obsolete Children." This happy nonsense was byplay at the museum's six-week summer workshop, the latest effort by Dr. Seuss, actually Theodor Seuss Geisel, to stir the imagination of children. The workshop seems to be doing just that. The kids use the backs of dolls to make small cars for the streets of the model city; they record the city's sounds and transform them—slowed tapes of a pingpong ball bouncing on concrete boom like a distant gun; the filming gives them new visual perspectives—all aimed at making them more aware of an urban environment. "If you don't get imagination as a child, you probably never will," he argues, "because it gets knocked out of you by the time you grow up." The workshop also aims to help teachers discover how children can work together creatively. Adults, claims Geisel, are really "child-



SEUSS IN LA JOLLA WORKSHOP
Patience is an elephant-bird.

dren who have become obsolete," thus need such help in understanding kids.

Geisel, an irrepressible child who has no children, is far from obsolete. Working out of a former observation tower atop Mount Soledad, highest point in La Jolla, he carefully turns his easel away from the distraction of the panoramic Pacific view, continues to create intriguing cartoon characters, pen funny—but moralistic—stories, mainly in verse. Scarcely a grade school or children's library in the U.S. is without his books, which are used mainly to help beginning readers get a kick out of reading. Geisel once based his book texts—as most publishers of reading primers still do—on standardized basic word lists. But he now considers such lists so much hogwash, because today's television-viewing children have an expanded vocabulary, uses any word "that has to do with a child's life and hopes."

Points Against Prejudice. While Dr. Seuss's young readers laugh, they also learn the value of patience from Horton, who sits on a bird's egg in a tree for eleven trying months, gets his reward when he hatches an elephant-bird. Thidwick the Big-Hearted Moose is a model of kindness who lets animals ride on his horns because "a host, above all, must be nice to his guests." Geisel wrote about "star-bellied Sneetches," who thought they were better than "plain-bellied Sneetches," to score points against prejudice. He does not mind being called "the greatest moralist since Elsie Dinsmore," contends that it is both right and inevitable that "you can find a moral in anything you read."

The Massachusetts-born Geisel has a B.A. degree from Dartmouth and studied at Oxford University, but has had no art training since walking out on a high-school art teacher who refused to let him draw with his drawing board turned upside down. A cartoon of egg-nog-drinking turtles that he sold to *Judge* magazine in 1927 financed his marriage to fellow Oxford student Helen Palmer, who helps him develop his story lines. His career got a big boost when his advertising cartoons for an insecticide made the caption "Quick, Henry, the Flit!" a common household quip. He was a cartoonist for the New York daily PM, created the prize-winning "Gerald McBoing-Boing" movie cartoons, and has completed a book of original songs for children.

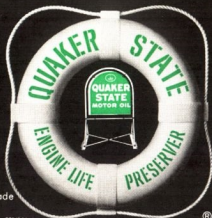
Geisel, who considers his work "logical insanity," gets a wry chuckle out of all the profound Ph.D. papers written about his books. He views himself—and most creative people—as those who "compensate for something—you wouldn't start building something new unless you were dissatisfied with what you've got." Perhaps, he adds with a smile, "we are all psychotic." Maybe so, but under the spell of Dr. Seuss, a cat that wears a hat and an elephant that sits in a tree somehow seem more normal than a Dick and Jane who chase a ball.



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MEDICINE

DRUGS

LSD & the Unborn

Researchers studying the multifarious effects of LSD had new and disturbing reports last week. Not only does LSD expose unstable trippers to the risk of a psychotic break. Not only does it break down the chromosomes in some blood cells. The latest evidence is that it causes cell changes suspiciously like those seen in one form of leukemia. Given to a rat early in pregnancy, it usually results in stillborn or malformed young. Worse, LSD may have similar effects on the human fetus. And those chromosome breaks have been found in the babies of LSD users.

Though much of the evidence is still preliminary, it all points in the same direction, and U.S. Government agencies are supporting efforts to get conclusive data. The first findings of chromosome changes in blood cells, reported by Dr. Maimon M. Cohen, at Buffalo's Children's Hospital (TIME, March 24), were confirmed by the University of Oregon's Dr. Samuel Irwin, working with Dr. Jose Egozcue. They compared the white blood cells of eight LSD users with those of nine nonusers. Six of the acidheads showed a marked increase in chromosomal breaks. Two who had taken massive doses showed a small, deformed chromosome, characteristic of a type of chronic leukemia that attacks adults. The only nonuser of LSD whose cells showed many abnormalities had previously had heavy X-ray treatments.

Magic Initials. In *Science*, Dr. George J. Alexander described the malformed rats that his research team produced at New York State Psychiatric Institute and Bronx State Hospital. Of

five rats given a single shot of LSD (equivalent to an acidhead's moderately heavy dose), only one delivered an apparently normal litter. One aborted early; two had stunted offspring stillborn, and one had seven healthy young along with one stunted littermate.

The first report of a human malformation linked with LSD use proved to be inaccurate. *The Saturday Evening Post* claimed that an Oregon child "had a defect of the intestinal tract and its head was developing grotesquely—one side growing at a much faster rate than the other." In fact, the baby's head and chromosomes are normal, says Dr. Egozcue. There is no reason to believe that his intestinal abnormality is related to his mother's single dose of LSD. But at least four babies of LSD-tripping mothers, now being studied in Buffalo, have broken chromosomes.

San Francisco General Hospital reports "some cases" of malformation among babies of LSD-using mothers, but Chief Obstetrician R. Elgin Orcutt feels that he lacks enough data to show a cause-and-effect relationship. U.C.L.A.'s Dr. William McGlothlin agrees. "I know of some miscarriages among LSD users," he says, "but I don't know if the rate is higher than among other people." Dr. McGlothlin, who works with hippies, has a federal grant to help him get more data.

After a month of contradictions the Food and Drug Administration last week announced the chemical nature of STP, the latest jet-speed psychedelic. Says FDA: it is technically called 4-methyl 2,5 dimethoxy alpha methyl phenethylamine, but is known simply as DOM to the Dow Chemical Co., its

discoverers. It is related to mescaline and amphetamine. Dow insists that none of its samples have leaked into illegal drug channels; the formula for making it must have been stolen. But pharmacologists believe that several different mind-shaking concoctions are being distributed to hippies under the magic initials STP, now translated as "serenity, tranquility, peace."

EPIDEMIOLOGY

Of Rats & Men

"Some of your best friends are rats," declares the American Cancer Society in ads that hail the research variety's services to medical science. But the wild *Rattus norvegicus* is man's worst animal enemy. It bites his babies, inflicting deforming and infected wounds; it cuts down his food supply, and it spreads disease. It was used as an instrument of torture in the Middle Ages, and now it is torturing the Johnson Administration, which is trying to get Congress to enact a \$40 million rat-control bill (see *THE NATION*).

The female rat is capable of breeding at four months, and usually produces four litters, each of six or more young, in her reproductive year. If all lived, one pair would have millions of descendants in two or three years, but the attrition is high enough to keep the numbers fairly constant. Estimates of the U.S. rat population (largely guesswork) range from 90 million to 100 million, or about half as many rats as people. For New York City, the estimates run as high as 8,000,000, or one rat per person. The U.S. Department of the Interior figures that a rat eats 40 lbs. of food a year, and spoils twice as much. The nation's total rat damage is roughly \$1 billion a year.

Sewer to Kitchen. Rats' appetites are a cause of human starvation. The World Health Organization puts the worldwide loss of stored cereals at 33 million tons a year—enough to feed some 200 million people. Rats in a silo may eat only a few bushels of grain, but their droppings and hair make a far greater quantity unfit for human consumption.

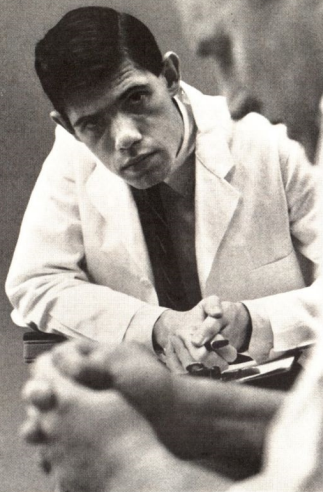
Despite doubts about the role of rats in long-ago typhus epidemics, there is no doubt that they and their fleas transmit what doctors call murine typhus, a milder but perennial and widespread form of the disease. In their travels from sewers to trash cans to kitchens, rats may carry the germs of epidemic jaundice, tularemia, typhoid fever and severe food poisoning, the parasites of trichinosis, and even rabies virus.

The rat's most distinctive contribution to human ill health comes from its bite. There are credible stories of men, exhausted and sleeping, or trapped in a mine shaft, being bitten to death by rats. Far more common today is the case of the city mother, awakened by a cry in the middle of the night, who finds her infant in his crib bleeding from rat bites on the nose, lips or ears. The rat usually flees on her approach



PSYCHIATRIST WITH LSD PATIENT AT A LOS ANGELES CLINIC
Preliminary evidence—but all in the same direction.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



First duel with mental illness

He's heard lectures on psychiatry. He's watched filmed psychiatric interviews. But this is different. Alone for the first time, this medical student faces a psychotically depressed patient. Now he personally must break through the imprisoning wall of despair. And to do that, as he probes he must be able to feel within himself the black, irrational torment that is consuming the man before him.

A sensitive student may take long to recover from such an interview. Yet if he brings the healing warmth of human contact to some tortured mind, it's a deeply rewarding experience. And it's a vital part of his ten or more years of costly,

arduous training. For understanding mental illness, detecting and relieving the physical and emotional tensions that often lead to it, is of major concern to every modern doctor.

You'll find that concern shared by A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. For drugs play an increasing part in this field. And here, as on other pharmaceutical frontiers, there's no sparing of time or budget when the goal is a new and better medicine for your doctors of today and tomorrow.

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and escapes. The child may suffer from either of two types of rat-bite fever or from many common infections.

Estimates of how many people are bitten each year in the U.S. run to 50,000 or more. New York City averages 600 reported cases a year. As in the rest of the U.S., 90% of the victims are young children.

Pets & Poisons. For all their misdeeds, rats are not really to blame. It is man who is at fault. "If we could only get people to keep the lids tight on metal garbage containers," says Clar-

cats, despite their reputation, are not very effective as rat exterminators.

Arsenic, strychnine, phosphorus and thallium salts are effective rat poisons, but far too dangerous where there are children or pets. Probably the oldest of rat poisons is also the most effective and also the safest: red squill, from the ground root of a European plant. Mixed with freshly ground meat or fish baits, it is harmless to children, cats, dogs and even squirrels.

Perhaps still more potent, and still relatively safe, is the anticoagulant drug warfarin. Less than 1/500th of an ounce is enough to make an adult rat die of internal bleeding. Ironically, the brown rats' white kin in laboratories helped University of Wisconsin researchers develop warfarin anticoagulants as life-savers for men and killers for rats.

DIET

Do It by Exercise

Most fat men do not exercise enough—sometimes on the theory that exercise will only make them hungrier. For many, this may be wrong, reports Dr. Jean Mayer in *Science*. By a quirk of body chemistry, the brain's appetite-regulating centers can create the opposite effect—if you exercise enough, you may eat less and get thinner.

Dr. Mayer, a top nutritionist at Harvard's School of Public Health, believes that his theory applies widely to U.S. men who now weigh an average seven pounds more than they did 50 years ago, even though they consume less calories—they have cut down on exercise even more than on food.

The old assumption that there is a straight-line relationship between energy expenditure and appetite is an over simplification, says Dr. Mayer. Appetite is controlled by two parts of the brain's hypothalamus. One is a hunger center, the other a satiety center. When energy output is in the middle range, the centers balance neatly, switching one another on and off. But not so at the ends of the activity scale.

When a man is physically overworked to the limits of endurance, says Mayer, he loses appetite, eats less and loses weight. Reason: the hunger center cannot keep up with the body's energy output. Conversely, if a man sits at a desk all day, he may stay hungry. One possible reason: messages to the satiety center do not get through. This phenomenon has long been exploited by farmers who keep animals cooped up to fatten them.

In a study of Boston schoolgirls, Dr. Mayer found that obese girls ate less than normal-weight girls of the same age and height. But the obese girls expended only one-third as much energy. Mayer agrees that obesity has no single, simple cause; such hereditary factors as metabolism and body build, as well as reaction to stress, are also involved. But there is one universal way to control obesity—exercise.

MILESTONES

Married. George Henry Hubert Lascelles, 44, Earl of Harewood and 18th in line to the British throne; and Patricia Tuckwell Smith, 38; in New Canaan, Conn. (see MODERN LIVING).

Divorced. Van Heflin, 56, veteran star of Hollywood (*Once A Thief* and *Broadway (A Case of Liberty)*; by Frances Heflin, 46; on grounds of mental cruelty (she said he had become sullen, moody and indifferent); after 25 years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, 59, scion of Germany's Krupp empire (see WORLD BUSINESS).

Died. Evelyn Olliphant de Seversky, 60, wife of Plane Designer Alexander de Seversky and herself a notable aviatrix, a New Orleans socialite who in 1930 took up flying to surprise her husband, by the late '30s was expert enough to help test-fly his planes until a heart condition grounded her; by her own hand (.38-cal. pistol); in Northport, L.I.

Died. Margaret Kennedy, 71, British author, who in 1924 scored an international bestseller with *The Constant Nymph*, a bittersweet portrait of an erratic musician's seven free-spirited children, produced 17 other novels (1964's *Not in the Calendar*), most of them skillfully told tales with intricate plots; in Adderbury, Oxfordshire.

Died. Clarence Belden Randall, 76, elder statesman of the steel industry, who was president (1949-53) and board chairman (1953-56) of Chicago's Inland Steel Co., No. 7 U.S. producer, but was better known as a forward-thinking internationalist, championing the Marshall Plan as its first steel adviser and in 1953 heading Eisenhower's Foreign Economic Policy Commission which convinced Congress to take a few halting steps to lower U.S. trade barriers; of a heart attack; in Ishpeming, Mich.

Died. Claude A. Barnett, 77, Negro journalist, who in 1919 started the Chicago-based Associated Negro Press, a news service for community weeklies (225 at the high point in 1935), until his retirement in 1963 campaigned tirelessly for civil rights and chronicled the emergence of Africa's peoples; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Chicago.

Died. Brigadier General William Jefferson Glasgow, 101, West Point's oldest living graduate (class of '91), a Cavalry officer who chased Western outlaws in 1893, landed with the Cuban occupation force during the Spanish-American War in 1898, and rode after Pancho Villa in Mexico in 1916; apparently of a heart attack; in El Paso, Texas.



BITTEN CHILD IN BROOKLYN SLUM

And enough food for 200 million people.

ence W. Travis of the District of Columbia's Health Department, "we could wipe out the rats in six months. We put poison down in the alleys and distribute free poison to people in blighted areas, but they leave so much juicy, greasy garbage around that the rats pay no attention to the poison."

Travis complains that most people simply do not realize what attracts rats. Rich-smelling fried food left in an empty room is bait. So are dishes in the sink. So is the feeding of dogs, cats, squirrels and birds in the backyard. Among the worst offenders are construction workmen who throw away lunch leftovers. "There hasn't been a building put up in Washington in 15 years that the rats didn't move into before the people," says Travis. "You have the exterminator working on the first floor by the time they're laying concrete on the second."

Since rats will eat anything, they should be easy to poison. But they are not. Psychologists explain that rats have two contradictory traits: along with a willingness to sample anything potable or edible, they have a deep suspicion of whatever is new. So exterminators give the rats time to get used to the sight and smell of their traps and baits before they expect results. Dogs and

Scovill keeps bronco busters from bustin' their seams.

Every time a bronco buster gets on his mount, Scovill goes along for the ride. Our rivets and burrs and heavy-duty zipper on his dungarees take all the knocks and jolts without a hint of a rip, slip or tear.

Scovill is also seen in high fashion circles with colorful and chic Nylaire zippers—the ones that made possible new dress styles for milady's wardrobe.

Turning out original product ideas is the creative force behind Scovill. Others include the development of the modern tire valve, the Hamilton Beach electric knife (the one with the hole in the handle), the first safety pin that could be opened from either side, the pioneering of America's first continuous casting machines for brass mill products.

For product ideas that are original, keep your eye on Scovill—a company that has paid continuous dividends for 112 years—the longest unbroken record of any industrial on the big board.

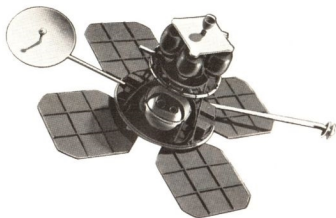
* For more information, write Scovill, Waterbury, Conn.



SCOVILL

...the Originators

Scovill Product Groups: electric housewares • apparel fasteners • automotive products • brass, copper and aluminum mill products • cosmetic containers • notions and sewing aids • aerosol products • custom parts and assemblies • fluid power products



Historic moon-spectaculars, shot close-up by

Lunar Orbiter

The Lunar Orbiter spacecraft is a flying laboratory designed to photograph the moon's surface. Its dual mission: help NASA select the best landing sites for America's Apollo astronauts, and provide new scientific information about the moon and its origin. Four Orbiters have already made flights to and around the moon. While in lunar orbit, these spacecraft respond to commands from earth—240,000 miles distant—with remarkable precision. Orbiter II's path, for example, was within two-tenths of a mile of its planned perilune (low point). Lunar Orbiters have provided NASA scientists with vast new knowledge of the earth's only natural satellite. They have also scored a number of historic firsts. Lunar Orbiter I was the first U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon, to photograph the earth from the vicinity of the moon, and to photograph the far side of the moon. Boeing scientists, working with NASA personnel, controlled the Lunar Orbiter flights. NASA's Langley Research Center manages the Lunar Orbiter program.

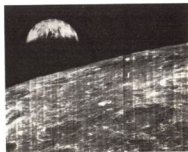
**Designed and built for NASA
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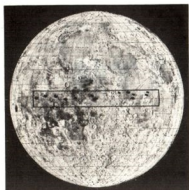


Dark areas above indicate potential lunar landing sites explored photographically by Lunar Orbiter I. Texas outline gives scale. Orbiter I transmitted to earth photographs of 150,000 square miles of moon's near side, plus 2 million square miles of moon's far side.

I

Historic picture below is first view of earth from vicinity of the moon. Picture below it is first U.S. photo of the far side of the moon. Astronomers report that during its first week in orbit, Lunar Orbiter I sent back more information on the moon than had been learned in the past 50 years. Besides photos of surface, Orbiter I measured radiation levels in moon's vicinity and helped determine moon's exact gravitational characteristics.

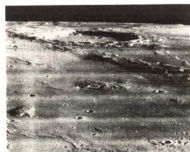




In outline above are the 13 primary targets scouted by Lunar Orbiter II. In addition, Orbiter II photographed 17 areas of secondary interest. Shooting from 28-mile altitude, Orbiter's telephoto shots show objects three feet in diameter—exceeding mission requirements.

II

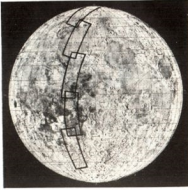
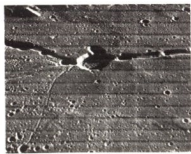
"Photo of century" below is man's historic first look into crater Copernicus. Picture shows 17-mile wide section, with 1000-foot mountains rising from crater floor. Analysts have found evidence of erosion, quakes and volcanic-type activity in picture. Photo below Copernicus pictures crater Marius, and, for first time in detail, nearby lunar domes (1000 to 1500 feet high). Domes confirm the moon's long history of volcanic activity.



Orbiter III's NASA assignment was confirmation of 12 primary and 32 secondary Apollo sites. Orbiter III sent back telephoto coverage of 2,200 square miles and 11,500 square miles of wide angle coverage. Photos also pinpointed location of Surveyor I on moon.

III

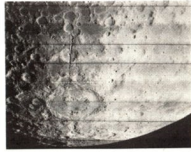
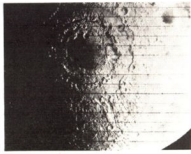
Orbiter III's spectacular shots included, below, crater Hyginus (about 6½ miles in diameter) centered in branches of its valley. Picture below Hyginus shows crater Kepler, about 20 miles in diameter, located in Ocean of Storms. Smaller crater, right, is Kepler A, about 9 miles across and ½ mile deep. First three Orbiters, NASA reported, met all primary Apollo requirements for photographic information from orbiting spacecraft.



Lunar Orbiter IV's mission was acquisition of scientific knowledge. From near-polar orbit, Orbiter IV shot lunar surface on near and far side using both telephoto and wide-angle systems. Rectangles indicate size and shape of areas shot by telephoto system during each photo pass.

IV

Oriente Basin, below, pictured for first time from overhead. Cordillera Mountains, ringing Basin, rise as high as 20,000 feet. Picture at bottom revealed, for first time, a 150-mile trough, on hidden side of moon near south pole. Altogether, Lunar Orbiters photographed 99% of the moon's near side, and more than 75% of the far side...a picture survey described as "THE definitive source of lunar surface information for many years."



COMMONWEALTH

Established, July 25, 1952

Reaffirmed, July 23, 1967

Again, the voters of Puerto Rico have decisively demonstrated approval of their present Commonwealth form of government as citizens of the United States.

Almost two-thirds (65.8%) of all voters registered participated in the special plebiscite election held on July 23rd, 1967, with the following results:

Over sixty percent (60.5%) cast 425,263 votes to continue Commonwealth status.

Less than thirty-nine percent (38.9%) cast 273,403 votes to request Statehood.

Less than one percent (0.6%) gave 4,236 votes in favor of Independence.

THREE SIGNIFICANT FACTORS ARE DEMONSTRATED:

1. With two-thirds of those registered voting in a special election, the results clearly indicate the will of the majority of the people.
2. With Commonwealth holding a 60-40 margin over preference for Statehood, there can be no question about the continuation for many years to come of the favorable climate which has stimulated strong and consistent economic growth.
3. With an insignificant 4,236 votes favoring Independence out of over 700,000 votes cast (even though that party claimed not to participate in the election) there cannot be the slightest doubt that Puerto Rico is an integral part of the United States, with permanent American citizenship.

Now that the people have again gone on record, the Commonwealth, secure in its political future, can continue to devote its full energies to economic and social progress for the people of Puerto Rico.

The Government Development Bank for Puerto Rico, fiscal agent for the Commonwealth, its Authorities and municipalities, along with all other government agencies, helps to create and maintain a favorable business climate. This is one of the fundamental reasons why Puerto Rico continues to experience one of the highest rates of investment and economic growth found anywhere in the world.

GOVERNMENT DEVELOPMENT BANK FOR PUERTO RICO

U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

The Good Wife

"The market is like a good wife," says the August investment letter of Hayden, Stone Inc., "sometimes delightful, sometimes a drag, largely unpredictable, but on the whole a good long-term holding." Last week the good wife of Wall Street was in one of her enthusiastic moods. All summer, such indices as the New York Stock Exchange composite hinted a bull market was building. Last week the Dow-Jones industrials established this year's high to prove it.

Monday's market, after an 8.03 point drop the week before, made a strong try at gaining back the loss; at midday the industrials were up 7.34 points, but they fell and finished with only a 2.71-point gain for the day. On Tuesday, with 12,290,000 shares traded, the Dow managed to hold its gain; it finished 8.73 points up, and the industrial average stood at 912.97. The upsurge prompted so much eager buying on Wednesday that the New York Stock Exchange recorded its fourth busiest trading session in history. A total of 13,510,000 shares changed hands, and the industrial average went up another 9.3 points. So confident was the market that even President Johnson's call for a 10% tax surcharge failed to have a lasting effect. Thursday's market fell nearly ten points immediately after the tax message was made public. But by



A.T. & T. TREASURER JOHN J. SCANLON OPENING THE BIDS IN HIS MANHATTAN OFFICE
Stampede to the market.

the closing bell, almost all the drop had been wiped out, and the loss for the day was a minuscule .29 points. On Friday the industrials went up 1.79 points for another 1967 record and a five-day gain of 22.24 points.

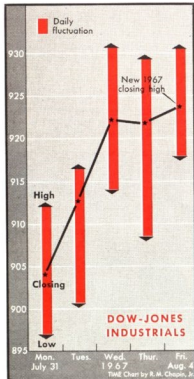
The market was strong partly because many investors again see portents of inflation, and stocks are considered a sensible hedge. Also, there was economic news to balance the tax message. New factory orders and construction contracts are increasing, inventories are decreasing, and steel production took an upward turn. While reporting generally unimpressive first-half earnings, most executives have hastened to add that their vantage point they think they see the up sign.

corporations postpone bond offerings if interest rates leap too high. "We don't have much option," says A. T. & T. Vice President-Treasurer John J. Scanlon. Reason: as the nation's largest private borrower, the Bell System must tap the market almost every month.

Close to Hysteria. Interest rates have climbed this year partly because of stepped-up borrowing by local governments, and partly because of the vast appetite of corporations to replenish their coffers after last year's tight-money pinch. New private and public bond issues rose to a record \$10.4 billion during the first half of 1967 as against \$8.4 billion in the first months of the year before, in what Partner Sidney Homer of the Manhattan bond house of Salomon Brothers & Hutzler calls "an exceptional, almost hysterical stampede to the money market."

A large part of that rush for funds has been Washington-inspired. Without higher taxes, the U.S. Treasury would be forced to siphon nearly \$15 billion out of the long-term money market during the second half of 1967 to pay the deficit-plagued Government's bills. Another \$25 billion of maturing federal debt must be refinanced. Figuring that Treasury financing on such a scale would drive interest rates above their present levels, many corporations have accelerated their borrowing lest they be caught in another credit squeeze.

If They Are Right. Securities underwriters still foresee a heavy demand for money in the weeks ahead. "Everyone is coming to the market at once," frets Partner Herman Kahn of Manhattan's Lehman Brothers. "And not merely in the U.S., but worldwide." Later in the year, however, most bond dealers expect the scramble for loans to dwindle. Last week's tax message heightens that prospect in part by removing much of the uncertainty. If bankers and economists are right, it also portends easier money and somewhat cheaper credit for businesses.



MONEY

Lower Interest, Maybe

Even though the Federal Reserve has been squirting money into the U.S. economy all this year at a clip ordinarily fit to make loans grow cheaper, the result instead has been a persistent rise in interest rates. Last week American Telephone & Telegraph Co. borrowed \$250 million for 33 years at the highest interest cost it has ever paid for long-term bonds: 6.006% a year. A. T. & T.'s old record, 5.95% for \$100 million of 20-year debentures, had stood since 1923.

The new mark may go unchallenged for quite a while. If Congress heeds President Johnson's call for a 10% income tax surcharge (see THE NATION), it could ease the monetary pressures that have lifted interest rates to monumental peaks. The mere presidential request for higher taxes set off a small retreat in municipal bond yields, from an average 3.98% to 3.91% for 20-year issues. And big investors scurried to snap up the last half of the big A. T. & T. debentures, which they had been spurning on the ground that the rate should have even been higher. Many

INVESTMENT

Funds Under Fire

Spectators at a Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee hearing can ordinarily be seated comfortably in a space the size of a legislative pigeonhole. But not last week, when sessions started by that subcommittee became the capital's top summer attraction, with S.R.O. crowds. At issue: Securities and Exchange Commission charges that the U.S.'s huge mutual-investment funds have overcharged their customers in the process of becoming a \$40 billion industry that can reverse the direction of the stock market at a rumor's notice. Thus, the fortunes of millions of people could be at stake.

Offering broadly balanced, closely managed stock and bond portfolios, the mutuals appeal mostly to those who, for one reason or another, have neither the time nor the know-how to call their own investment shots. The returns to the customer have been handsome: an average of more than 10% a year over the past decade. But during that same period, stock values have soared by much more. And it was the contention of SEC Chairman Manuel Cohen, a leadoff witness at the subcommittee hearings, that "the high cost of mutual-fund investment management tends to place the mutual-fund investor at a disadvantage." Witness Paul Samuelson, one of the U.S.'s most influential economic theorists, went even further. A highly successful investor himself, Samuelson called into question the wisdom of the mutuals in their stock purchases. Said he: "I feel that the fund administrators provide investors nothing that they could not gain by throwing darts and hitting random stocks."

Samuelson was probably ranging beyond the scope of the Senate subcommittee, but the SEC charges went far enough in their own right. The commission's three main complaints:

- **MANAGEMENT FEES.** These amounted to \$140 million last year and, said the SEC's Cohen, have brought "unparalleled prosperity" to fund managers. Individual incomes of over \$100,000 are

commonplace even with second-level fund officials. The SEC urges that the Investment Company Act of 1940, which states that fees shall not be "grossly excessive," be changed to read that fees must be "reasonable"—and provide for enforcement of that standard in court. Testifying for the mutuals, Investment Company Institute Chairman Francis S. Williams, spokesman for the industry, insisted that any such legislative change would subject the funds to a flood of shareholder suits. Also, said Williams, the SEC proposal would "institute Government control over the price and profits of an intensely competitive industry."

- **SALES CHARGES.** The mutuals impose commissions ranging from 7% to 9% on customers buying shares in the funds. According to Cohen, these charges are used to support an "inefficient, oversized distribution system that uses manpower lavishly and indiscriminately." The SEC recommends that a limit of 5% be placed on sales charges—and even that would be five times the normal commission for making sales on the New York Stock Exchange. Retorted Williams: "Under the reduced commission, retail salesmen simply could not afford to seek out, inform and educate the small investor about the unique advantages of mutual funds."

- **FRONT-END LOADS.** The SEC seeks to outlaw completely the so-called front-end load companies. Under this system, for example, the customer contracts to make regular payments to the fund for ten years—but a full 50% during the first year is diverted to salesmen's commissions and other charges. The average front-end buyer is barely aware of this fact. Said Subcommittee Chairman John Sparkman, an Alabama Democrat who also heads the full Senate Banking and Currency Committee: "Ordinarily, the salesman is pushing you so hard that you don't even look at the prospectus until you have bought the

shares. And then you don't understand it when you do look at it." Up to 40% of all front-end customers quit within three years and take a loss, since much of their investment has gone into the salesmen's pockets. A spokesman for the Association of Mutual Fund Plan Sponsors Inc., which represents the front-end funds, told the subcommittee that his membership stands ready to make automatic refunds to customers who withdraw within a year or two.

The subcommittee hearings will likely adjourn later this month. A majority of the Senators clearly would like to find a middle way between the SEC charges and the industry defenses. Yet the first week's round, by general consensus, went to the SEC. This sense was perhaps best expressed by a subcommittee staffer overheard talking on the telephone to SEC Chairman Cohen. "The more these mutual-funds guys talk," he said, "the better off you are. So let the industry hang itself."

RAILROADS

"Just and Reasonable"

The Johnson Administration said that it was inflationary. Transportation Secretary Alan S. Boyd said that it would "ultimately be reflected in the cost of thousands of consumer items, food, housing, and the support of our vital effort in Viet Nam." The Department of Agriculture denounced it as a move that would make the U.S. farmer carry "an unjust and unreasonable burden." Yet the Interstate Commerce Commission, after long and careful consideration, last week overrode such complaints, granted to U.S. railways a \$300 million increase in freight rates.

Behind the ICC decision was the hard fact that the railroads' case was economically—if not politically—persuasive. Industry representatives noted that the last general freight-rate hike came in 1960, when the ICC authorized a paltry 1.5% increase. Since then, operating costs have soared. So far this year, eleven railroad unions averaged 6% wage boosts, and six shop unions, led by the militant International Association of



DAVID BURNETT



WILLIAMS



COHEN

SAMUELSON

Would a dart have done as well?

Machinists, are demanding 6.5% more. Last month the shop unions backed up their demands with a walkout that paralyzed rail traffic for two days before President Johnson, with hasty congressional sanction, ordered a 90-day cooling-off period. The railroads' working capital is lower than it has been in 20 years, and their return on investment capital this year will be a scant 3.5%. Deciding that the industry complaints were "just and reasonable," the ICC unanimously agreed to give the railroads most of the money they sought.

The increases are highest—about 5%—for carload or less-than-carload shipments of general merchandise. On such bulk goods as iron ore, grain, coal and pulpwood, which make up much of the railroad business, the increases average about 3%—somewhat less than the carriers requested. Even that much may not be allowed ultimately. Terming last week's decision a temporary one, the ICC ordered the roads to draw up a master tariff list, which the commission will examine and make final changes on in October.

"Big John." Last week, as the railroads convened in Chicago to begin working out their master tariff list, even some of the authorized increases seemed likely to be dropped. The Chicago & North Western announced that it will not add on the penny-per-hundred-lbs. increase in grain rates allowed by the ICC; the decision left competing Midwest railroads little choice but to maintain their old rate. Similarly, the Southern Railway said that old rates will remain on the grain hauled in its 100-ton "Big John" hopper cars.

In the case of other increases, the consumer, as Secretary Boyd warned, is ultimately going to bear the burden. Some industries, notably meat packers, steel companies and chemical firms, said that competition and the threat of Government pressure might force them to absorb the higher rates. But most said they would pass the price increases along.

ADVERTISING

She Does

"Does she . . . or doesn't she?" asks one of advertising's most familiar and titillating slogans. The question, as every reader of advertisements knows, refers to artificial hair color—and the odds on an affirmative answer have dropped from 15 to 1 to 2 to 1 since Miss Clairol first asked it eleven years ago. Sales of tints, rinses and dyes have risen from \$25 million to \$186 million a year. So popular is their use that some states no longer require women to list their hair color on their driver's licenses. Now industry-leading Bristol-Myers' Clairol division, whose Miss Clairol, Lady Clairol, Nice 'n Easy, Loving Care and Summer Blonde cremes and rinses have been aimed mostly at would-be blondes, is making a major effort to add more shades. Last week in Seattle and Phoenix the company be-



SHIRLEY POLYKOFF

Every girl a redhead, just once.

gan test-marketing six "Radiantly Red" hair colors with such names as Firebrand, Heady Wine and Spicy Clove. Says Clairol President Bruce Gelb: "We're giving the brunette something to think about."

Plenty of Encouragement. Changing hair color is almost as enduring a female experience as pregnancy. Surveys show that the average woman thinks about it for nine months before she decides to change her shade for the first time. In October, when Radiantly Reds will be marketed nationally, Gelb will offer plenty of encouragement by means of TV, magazines, bus and subway posters. "Every woman should be a redhead at least once in her life," Clairol will suggest. "Some lucky girls are born red." Says another ad. "Others catch up." Of its \$45 million advertising budget, the company is committing about \$2,000,000 to Radiantly Red—four times as much as the entire Clairol campaign cost when "Does she . . . or doesn't she?" first burst out of women's magazines and into general conversation.

Not surprisingly, a woman is behind the ads. When Foote, Cone & Belding won the Clairol account in 1955, the agency assigned it to Shirley Polykoff, a Brooklyn-born mother of two who can write better advertising copy than most men in the game. She invented the Clairol girl—"clean, wholesome, casual. You can imagine meeting this girl at a P.T.A. meeting." As the campaign took off and the product line expanded, she posed more questions: "Is it true blondes have more fun?" (Lady Clairol). "What would your husband do if suddenly you looked ten years younger?" (Loving Care).

Eye-Stopping. Since Clairol's successful campaign started, Shirley Polykoff's career has risen right along with

Bristol-Myers' sales chart lines. She is now a vice president and associate creative director of Foote, Cone & Belding, supervises a staff of ten, was recently named 1967's advertising woman of the year. Widowed since 1961, she lives in a Park Avenue apartment cluttered with paintings and sculpture, steadfastly refuses to disclose her age in spite of a 40-year advertising career. But then, why should she? Dreaming up Miss Clairol, Miss Polykoff switched herself from fading blonde to "Innocent Blonde." Last week, with a new promotion under way, she was an eye-stopping blend of Radiantly Reds.

COMMUNICATIONS

Color TV: Blue

U.S. warehouses and stockrooms are bulging with some 1,300,000 color TV sets that manufacturers and dealers thought would be sold by now. Though sales are 8% ahead of last year, TV makers—excited by two years of bonanza—were caught with their hopes up. Last year supply could hardly catch up with demand: Sales had bounded from 2,700,000 sets in 1965 to 4,700,000 sets worth close to \$2.5 billion. The manufacturers counted on pushing sales over the 7,000,000 mark in 1967. Now, estimates have been trimmed by 1,000,000 sets.

"Consumer uncertainty" is the reason for the slump, says Zenith Radio Corp.'s President Joseph S. Wright. Tight money and the threat of increased income tax are listed by others. Even fear of racial riots is a factor. "People aren't coming out at night to shop," says the owner of Roxy Electric Center, a retailer in Philadelphia. The continuing high cost of color is undoubtedly the biggest reason. As a sort of reverse proof of this, Philco-Ford, an exception to the general trend, offered a color set for \$299, saw first-half sales increase 65% over last year.

Following that lead, other manufacturers are cutting prices on their 1968 models. Motorola has slashed its suggested retail price for a 20-in. table model from \$429 to \$329 and has introduced a transistorized set for \$599, which is some \$100 below its original estimate. RCA, the largest of the color TV producers with 30% of the market, marked down the original price tags on its new line by \$20 to \$30, in June, while Zenith broadened its line to include a smaller, less expensive set. G.E., too, is now pushing a "personal portable" table model for \$200.

RCA is also pinning high hopes on a massive "Watch Now, Pay Later" campaign to be launched in mid-August. Customers will be offered the whole range of models, from the \$329.95 set to a \$1,600 combination radio-phonograph-TV console, with first payment due 90 days after purchase. Virtually all the other makers are expected to fall into line. Says an RCA executive confidently: "I don't think the public has soured on color TV."

WORLD BUSINESS



MELCHETT AT HOME
In the lap of the gods.

BRITAIN

Lord of Steel

The British Steel Corporation, a nationalized giant, last week opened for business after a long and turbulent incubation period. Named to head it was a chap about whom his government boss, Minister of Power Richard Marsh, exulted: "He's first-rate. He's got enormous intelligence, breadth, which enables him to get on with unions and everybody else. He's very dynamic, and he works long hours."

For the Labor Government, which nationalized steel over the anguished outcry of industry and the Conservative minority, the new man is an astonishing—but shrewd—choice. He is an Etonian, a Tory and a peer—Julian Edward Alfred Mond, 42, third Baron Melchett, grandson of Alfred Mond, founder of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., and a successful merchant banker and gentleman farmer in his own right. Thus, in case of fiasco, Labor will always be able to blame a Tory. "It's quite a fascinating thing," he said softly, "to be asked to do something as large and as complicated for one's own country."

Learning about Steel. It took some asking—three months of what Minister Marsh described as "chasing and persuading"—to land him in the job. The quest began after it became obvious that nothing could stop Labor's comfortable parliamentary majority from acting at last on a basic commitment to nationalize steel. Convinced that the bill is broad enough to permit free action, Lord Melchett finally agreed to serve. A week later he quit his bank, Hill Samuel & Co., Ltd., and was hard at work learning about steel. Said he: "The job now is for capable people—Tory or

anything else—to make sure it gets off on a proper footing and works well."

Flanked by his hand-picked directors in London's World Commonwealth Society Hall, Lord Melchett outlined his plans. The 14 steel companies that were officially taken over by the government account for over 90% of Britain's 32 million-ton steelmaking capacity, control 60% of its known iron-ore deposits. British Steel Corp. will be a single company, one-third larger than the next biggest steelmaker in Europe (August Thyssen-Hütte), divided into four geographical groups. "We tried to build the thing logically, taking into account geography, product and raw-material supply," said Lord Melchett.

Formidable Challenge. The larger production units were created in the hope that British steel will become more competitive. For the time being, all 14 nationalized companies will continue to exist "supported and advised" by Lord Melchett's four boards of regional directors. They will then gradually take over the functions of individual company boards. Duplication will—hopefully—be eliminated from the start, and services and supply of raw materials streamlined to attain greater efficiency. The four units will not compete with each other in price, but in service, quality and productivity. "We will throw up real savings in a short time," Lord Melchett says, but he admits that within the present domestic and foreign economic context the new venture is "very much in the lap of the gods."

The challenge facing British steel is formidable. Worldwide unused steel-making capacity is likely to persist and reach 60 to 70 million tons a year by 1970. Struggling to keep above water, both Germany and France are forming larger steel groups of their own. British steel plants, sorely in need of modernization, are working at only 70% of capacity this year. Lord Melchett, however, exudes optimism. He says: "So often people look at the railways, the post office, electricity and gas, and hold them up as examples of how bad it is for industry to be nationalized. Well, it's not going to be like that with steel."

GERMANY

End of the Dynasty

In the entrance hall of Villa Hügel, the 200-room stone and steel mansion where Alfred Felix Alwyn Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach was born, 500 business, political and labor leaders gathered late last week for the funeral of the last sole ruler of the Ruhr's most powerful industrial dynasty. After the eulogies, a Krupp hand struck up a miners' song called *Glueck Auf* (Good Fortune) and led the way out through a crowd to a hearse waiting in the rain. Behind followed ten Krupp miners bearing the oaken casket. Visibly in tears

was Krupp's longtime confidant, Berthold Beitz, 53, a non-Krupp whose task now is to set up a foundation that will oversee the beleaguered empire.

Krupp died as lonely as he had lived. Staffers noticed that his silver-grey Porsche had not appeared at the company's Essen quarters for a month. Krupp, in fact, was dying of bronchial cancer, which had already advanced beyond cure when it was discovered late in June. By mid-July, he was confined to his 28-room "bungalow" near the villa. When he died, his only attendant was a nurse.

Humiliation. An austere man with few friends, Krupp had grown remote and bitter as life delivered its blows. One of these was his six-year imprisonment (1945-51) as a war criminal. Then there was his son Arndt, a limp fellow of 29 who renounced his inheritance last year, leaving the House of Krupp without an heir for the first time in five generations. Arndt's \$250,000-a-year allowance (which now goes to \$500,000) may have made the decision easy, but two weeks ago he said that the "Krupp tradition" had only "brought my forebears a lot of unhappiness." Moreover, said Arndt, "I am not a man like my father, who sacrifices his whole life for something, not knowing whether it is really worth it in our time."

Still, Krupp's deepest humiliation stemmed from a shocking debacle with his bankers. Alfred had planned some day to turn over his holdings to a foundation, under which the firm would be run as a public company. But Krupp's bankers last spring rebelliously refused more credit to his debt-saddled firm

RENE BURRI, © MASON



ALFRED KRUPP
A death as lonely as life.

The Digest has 8½ million women...



...who don't read McCall's, the Journal or Good Housekeeping.

It's true. They don't even leaf through the Ladies' Home Journal.

nal, or pick up McCall's, or glance through Good Housekeeping. What they do go for is The Digest. So if you've got something to say to the ladies, do it in the world's best seller. You'll reach 21.6 million women, 8½ million of whom simply won't be listening if you talk to them only in those three women's magazines. And as if that weren't enough, we'll give you 19 million men, too, at no extra cost. Men who buy—and who have a whale of a lot to say about what their gals buy. Isn't that the best offer you've had all day?

Source: Audience Data © 1967 W. R.
Simmons Study of Selective Markets

Guaranteed Paid Circulation:
Reader's Digest 16,500,000
McCall's 8,500,000
Ladies' Home Journal . . . 6,700,000
Good Housekeeping 5,550,000

**Reader's
Digest**
WORLD'S BEST SELLER

**To Lufthansa,
the man in First Class seat 1-A
is Mr. Flaherty, not seat 1-A.**

When you fly in Lufthansa's Senator Service in First Class, you're a person, not a number. And you can tell by the service you get.

Look at Mr. Flaherty. He's not hungry right now. But he happens to be sitting in seat 1-A. That could mean he'll be served first. Whether he likes it or not.

On Lufthansa we've got a better idea. Mr. Flaherty can eat now, later or—if he's not hungry—never. We simply ask him what he wants and (since we have an on-board chef) how he wants it. And then we serve it to him when he wants it.

Your Travel Agent will tell you: in Senator Service, we serve Mr. Flaherty when *he's* ready.

Not seat 1-A when *we're* ready.



Lufthansa



(TIME, March 17). Alfried Krupp had to seek aid from the government and accept its condition that Krupp go public by 1969. Thus, though the foundation will still be formed, the dignified exit he wanted for the House of Krupp became abject public surrender.

To Alfried Krupp such a humiliation was intolerable. In the years since the firm began as an Essen foundry in 1811, the House of Krupp had been courted by Bismarck, the Kaisers and Hitler. Kaiser Wilhelm I called it a "national institution." Wilhelm II was Alfried's godfather. And at Alfried's birth, his father Gustav wrote to his directors: "May he grow up in the Krupp works, and through practical work acquire the fundamentals he will require to take over the responsibility-laden duties."

Life with Father. Alfried followed the script. He and his seven younger sisters and brothers (none of whom shared his status as a Krupp crown prince) were cared for by tutors and servants on an ordered schedule. For one 50-minute period each evening, Alfried was to play with Father, like it or not.

He graduated from an Essen Gymnasium at 17, then dutifully went off to Munich, and later Aachen, to study engineering. Only once did he rebel against his father, by marrying blonde, once-divorced Anneliese Bahr in 1937. The marriage, which produced Arndt, ended in 1941, after Gustav threatened Alfried with disinheritance. Alfried's second marriage, to thrice-divorced Vera Hossenfeldt 15 months after his prison release in 1951, lasted five years.

When the legacy finally came, it was bitter. Ailing and verging on senility at 73, Gustav turned all over to his son, then 37, in 1943—shortly after Allied bombers began the raids that eventually turned a third of Krupp's Essen plants to rubble. After the Allied victory Alfried took the rap for Gustav, by then mentally incompetent, and was sentenced at Nürnberg to twelve years for using slave labor and "plundering occupied territory." Later, the U.S. acknowledged the injustice of the Nürnberg sentence, released Krupp and allowed him to take control of his firm once again.

Nowhere did Germany's famed—if now faded—postwar *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle) shine more brightly than at Krupp. Under expansive, gregarious Berthold Beitz, whom Krupp brought in as his general manager in 1953, Krupp returned to the very top rank of German industrial companies. Sales have tripled since 1944 to last year's \$1.35 billion, and the 3,000 items Krupp produces include almost everything but armaments, which Alfried banned.

Proud & Impracticable. Unfortunately for the company, that was about the only Krupp tradition he forsook. Because the third or fourth generation *Kruppianer* might be turned out of work, Krupp refused to close down money-losing locomotive works and



SHELL OIL REFINERY AT ROTTERDAM
Build it now, clear it later.

coal and steel operations. The resulting debt of \$600 million—highest of any German company—gave the edge last spring to the bankers, who then, in effect, ordained the end of the House of Krupp. Alfried's death was thus only a postscript.

THE NETHERLANDS

Working While Waiting

Although Middle East oil production is near its prewar level, the refineries of Western Europe will continue to feel the pinch for some time to come. Reason: until the Suez Canal is unplugged, oil tankers must take a two-week detour around the Cape of Good Hope. At Rotterdam's Europoort, whose massive refineries get 70% of their oil from the Middle East, companies have dipped into reserves while eagerly awaiting the homeward-bound tankers. "They're out there floating around somewhere," says Theo P. van den Bergh, general manager of Shell Netherlands Refining Co., "and we're waiting, waiting, waiting."

Patience has never been a virtue of the ambitious Rotterdamers. Since World War II, when 35% of its port facilities was leveled by the Germans, the Dutch city has spent \$200 million to build a modern gateway to Europe. Between 1960 and 1966, Rotterdam's oil throughput has soared from 215.4 million bbl. annually to 453.6 million. Making this possible is Europoort's strategic location: five industrialized nations, with a total population of 168 million, are within 400 miles. Refined oil is loaded into trucks and rail cars, hauled inland by barge along the Rhine and Meuse rivers or transhipped by vessel. Crude oil can also be sent through a pipeline that cuts cross-country to Frankfurt. Next year a new pipe-

line to the Ruhr promises to pump 40 million tons annually, which will double the present line's capacity.

Confidence & Cooperation. Credit for Europoort's amazing progress rests squarely with Rotterdam's politicians and businessmen. Rather than wait for a blessing by the national government at The Hague, they have gone ahead with plans in a *fait accompli* fashion. Last year, for example, the Rotterdamers decided to deepen the port's sea channel to accommodate tankers up to 225,000 tons (present capacity is 130,000). The first of these giants is expected at the end of this year, and the entire project should be completed by late 1969. Typically, by the time The Hague gave its nod, the dredging for the \$25 million project had already begun.

The city officials' confidence has a firm financial basis. Five oil companies—Shell, Esso, Gulf, British Petroleum and Chevron—have zealously backed their every scheme. In response to the channel deepening, four have ordered no fewer than 82 tankers of the 175,000- to 225,000-ton class. And on land, they have invested more than \$1 billion in facilities, about a third of it in chemical works and the balance in oil.

Within the past three weeks, the companies have kicked off several new development programs. Shell began expanding its 20 million-ton refinery to 25 million, which will make it the largest in the world. At about the same time, Esso said that it would double its refining capacity from 8,000,000 tons to 16 million tons, and British Petroleum opened a \$69 million refinery and designated Europoort its major stock and storage point in Europe. Finally, last week Gulf announced that it would build a \$70 million chemical plant to manufacture polyethylene products.

CINEMA

A Kind of Love

In the *Heat of the Night*, A Mississippi town, backwater and backward, faces imminent prosperity from a factory that is abuilding on the outskirts. Late one night, the owner is found murdered, and his widow (Lee Grant) puts it on the line to the local police chief: no culprit, no factory. But the lawman (Rod Steiger) is no match for the cranky air conditioner in his office, much less a big-league homicide. A bullish, slow-moving redneck, he sees his job as routine peace keeping and keepin' the Nigras in their place.

Then into town comes a strange breed of Nigra (Sidney Poitier). He's just passing through, but at home in Philadelphia he is a "top homicide expert" on the police force. Steiger sees him as a perfect scapegoat, but the widow, recognizing the incompetence of Steiger's bumbling staff, demands that Poitier be put on the case. To Poitier this is an ironic challenge. He is uppity enough to welcome the chance to put on airs with impunity, and he proceeds to demolish Steiger's plan of attack with a gusto that borders on the sadistic. Thus the inevitable rift between the two men is more than merely a matter of race; it involves professional pride as well.

Yet it is professionalism that eventually forges a bond between them. As Poitier zeroes in on the murderer, Steiger's resentment turns to childish awe, and finally to wary respect. It is Poitier who refuses to bend. In one scene he slaps a white man across the face and looses a stream of anti-white venom. Steiger can only marvel at such telling bigotry. "Why," he draws, "you're no better than the rest of us."

On such shaky ground are the combatants met. Ultimately, after Poitier

has braved a lynch mob and a gang of chain-swinging toughs on his way toward his goal, Steiger digs down to his inner resources and musters a jowly half-smile and handshake to send Poitier on his way.

No deep solutions are suggested in this subtle and meticulously observed study. Yet Director Norman Jewison has used his camera to extract a certain rough-cut beauty from each protagonist. He has shown, furthermore, that men can join hands out of fear and hatred and shape from base emotions something identifiable as a kind of love. In this he is immeasurably helped by performances from Steiger and Poitier that break brilliantly with black-white stereotype.

Pop Messiah

Privilege, In *The War Game*, British Director Peter Watkins offered one possible direction for England in "the near future": a civilization getting on by animal instinct following an atomic war. *Privilege* proposes an equally bleak alternative: a society still outwardly human, groveling in stupor before a cheap messiah. This pseudo savior is a moromic pop singer who combines the sequinned splendor of an Elvis Presley with the sullen magnetism of a Bob Dylan, draining adoring audiences of emotion and common sense with his bathetic keening.

In Watkins' vision, the singer (Paul Jones) is a commodity to be leased to all takers, by hour, day or week for the purpose of manipulating a gullible public. When the country is burdened with an apple surplus, the Agriculture Ministry hires the singer to munch a choice pippin on the telly; soon, everybody's awash in applesauce. The clergy wants to push God? Jones, in a mod getup vaguely suggesting the Blood of the Lamb, sings Jesus songs to a screaming multitude. Eventually he gets a kind of religion himself. To a crowd of dignitaries assembled to pay him homage, he mumbles "I hate you," and vanishes into oblivion with the One Girl (Jean Shrimpton) Who Really Understands.

Using sound and images in a staccato, pseudodocumentary style, Watkins conjures up a brutal spectacle of a society blissfully hurtling toward the "fruitful conformity" of a fascist state. And up to a point, his sheer technical bravado almost saves the movie. But ultimately, *Privilege* is less a picture than a frame. One problem is that Jones, who is a real-life rock-'n'-roll performer but certainly no actor, offers no clue to the charismatic character who could exert such fatal appeal. And Jean Shrimpton, Britain's most celebrated model in the pre-Twiggys days, merely matches him mumble for mumble.

A more serious problem is that Director Watkins seems to break faith with his audience as the film moves along.



POP SINGER JONES
Less picture than frame.

Early on, taut, angular editing and a brilliantly elliptical, soft-spoken narrative create some sense of frightening possibility. But, at the climactic revival scene, as Jones steps forward to shake hands with the Almighty and the band thunders out *Deutschland über Alles*, the message becomes childishly explicit—and essentially absurd.

Pop Prophet

Don't Look Back. This picture also explores the hysterical fringes of the rock-music world. While *Privilege* only affects the style of a documentary, *Don't Look Back* really is one. When angry young Folk Singer Bob Dylan toured England in the spring of 1965, his entourage included a friendly spy in the person of Film Maker D. A. Pennebaker. Out of that journey, Pennebaker has created a 96-minute essay in cinematic truth-telling that may explain how the thin-voiced bard of the bedraggled became a subcultural prophet and a millionaire by combining the most resonant clichés of alienation and some not very distinguished music.

Pious platitudes like "message" and "communication" flicker like votive candles as Dylan spurs with journalists, dodges hordes of adoring teeny-boppers with majestic modesty, picks petty backstage fights with anybody in sight, and freezes into zombie-like immobility as soon as all backs are turned. And yet there are also shots of Dylan onstage, binding his audiences into an almost tangible silence. Here the camera bears witness that the Dylan presence, despite its artiness, commands an irresistible fascination for the young.

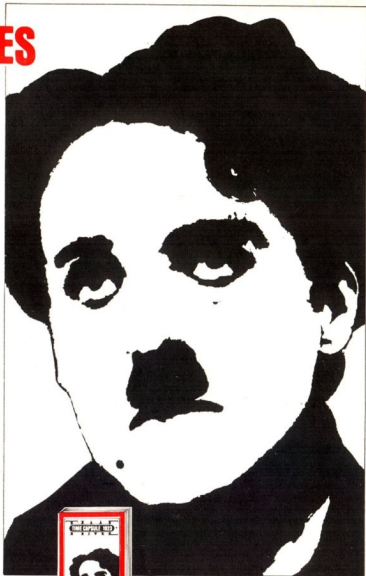


POITIER & STEIGER IN "HEAT"
Sculpting from base emotions.

TIME CAPSULES

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BOOKS

Satan's Fra Angelico

BEARDSLEY by Stanley Weintraub. 285 pages. Braziller. \$6.

Aubrey Beardsley was so extravagantly foppish, so precious in his speech and so languid in his posturings that Oscar Wilde claimed him as his own invention. In fact, Beardsley had invented himself. He deliberately set out to create his reputation for decadent eccentricity, and his extraordinary style was a clear forerunner of art nouveau. The big Beardsley revival, in exhibitions, reprints of his works, and books, is explained partly by the fact that he

tyrants and hermaphrodites, dwarfs and dandies, by women either ornamentally angular and boyish or monstrously fat and corrupt. Often they were nude or seminude, but their bodies seemed merely part of their fantastically elaborate dress. His illustrations for such works as Wilde's *Salome*, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* were likely to include elegant versions of whippings and other aberrations; they shocked the Victorian age while also appealing strongly to the lively pornographic and demonic subculture that flourished in London and Paris. One critic called Beardsley the "Fra Angelico of Satanism." A handsome com-

Whether he was or not can never be shown conclusively. Author Weintraub thinks that Beardsley's tuberculous condition and his consuming passion for work left him little time and less stamina for dalliance. Bernard Shaw shrewdly noted that Beardsley was "boyish enough to pose as a diabolical reveler in vices of which he was innocent." Beardsley himself told a friend: "Yes, yes, I look like a sodomite, but no, I am not that."

After the Wilde-Douglas episode, Beardsley gradually made a comeback, but his career and life were tottering toward an end. He still drew by candlelight in a darkened room, working furiously because he knew that he was doomed by his lungs. He moved from London to the softer climate of Dieppe and finally to the French Riviera. His sister had become a Roman Catholic, and Beardsley, in terror of death, soon followed. In a last letter, written in "my death agony," he begged his publisher to destroy all his "obscene drawings," particularly his series on *Lysistrata*, but the letter was never mailed. In 1898 he died, aged 25.

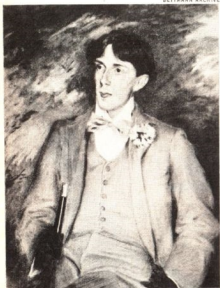
Audacious Whispers. Beardsley's figures often seem to be whispering audacious obscenities to each other. What they might be saying is suggested by his only novel, *Under the Hill*, which employs a curious mixture of four-letter words and effete and esoteric Gallicisms. Recently published by Grove Press (\$3.95), the novel is Beardsley's pornographic retelling of the Tannhäuser legend. Beardsley never completed the book, but the final quarter has been written according to his plan by Canadian Poet John Glasco. His work ably mimics Beardsley's writing, giving credence to Glasco's boast that "the prose may be imitated but never the drawings." He is right. The text is less remarkable than the illustrations—among them a portrait of Venus in a startling likeness of Jacqueline Kennedy.

What is most startling about the drawings is that they were of the work of an eager young man in his twenties and not a mature artist surfeited with life and pleasure. But perhaps Beardsley was born ancient; one friend recalled that, even as a child, Beardsley had "the oldest eyes I have ever seen."

Watts: The Model

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS by Robert Conot. 497 pages. Bantam. 95c.

Watts, 1965, was the precursor and model for the race riots of 1967. In the sunny, sullen ghetto on Los Angeles' southeast side, all the elements of racial violence were present: rat-ridden housing, usurious white shopkeepers, broken black families, humiliating welfare-office routines, tough cops, kids with a yen to loot and lash out, and the random spark of a clumsy arrest. In this meticulously researched reconstruction, Robert Conot, 38, a Los Angeles newspaperman and novelist, shows



PORTRAIT OF BEARDSLEY (CIRCA 1895)

Vision of some other world than earth.



VENUS

is admired by the practitioners of "psychedelic art," most of whom imitate him without drawing nearly so well.

He was a frail, tuberculous stalk of a fellow with a hatchet face crowned on a high dome with an inverted bowl of reddish hair cut in bangs. He liked to invite friends early to a party to help him "scent the flowers." He was happiest "when the lamps of the town are lit," and held forth at Soho cafés, bantering with other wits of the day. "Nero," he said once, "set Christians on fire like large tallow candles"; then he added wickedly that this was "the only light Christians were ever known to give."

Body into Dress. Biographer Weintraub (T. E. Lawrence, William Golding) evokes the life and times of Beardsley in splendid fashion, but presumably feels that he lacks the competence to weigh the man's art. Beardsley's exquisitely wrought line drawings embraced a vision of some unearthly world—part pagan myth, part Oriental mystery. It was a world inhabited by sa-

pliment, but slightly exaggerated. He suggested an elegant imp as much as a Satanic friar.

Rumored Guilt. Beardsley was born in Brighton. His father was a blade who soon squandered a small inheritance; his mother, Ellen Pitt, a Brighton belle, was so slender that she was known locally as "the bottomless Pitt." For a while, young Beardsley was employed as an inept clerk in an insurance firm run by a relative, who was nearly as happy as Aubrey when the boy deserted business for art. But that career was nearly wrecked by Oscar Wilde as a consequence of Wilde's own notorious homosexual liaison with Lord Alfred Douglas. Though Beardsley's name was not even mentioned in the court proceedings, the fact that he had been a known friend of Wilde's was enough to get him fired as the *Yellow Book's* art director and virtually blacklisted. He was rumored to be guilty of just about every sexual deviation, including incest (with his actress sister Mabel) and homosexuality.

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how all those elements combined to produce six days of madness.

Marquette Frye, the 21-year-old high school dropout whose arrest for drunken driving was the proximate cause of the riot, becomes a sympathetic figure. Raised in Hanna, Wyo., with no angry sense of color, he came to Watts in 1957 and was quickly told by new classmates that he "talked funny." By August 1965, he was talking wise—and wearing tight trousers and Italian shoes. Officers Lee Minikus and Bob Lewis of the California Highway Patrol, who arrested Frye in the sight of hundreds of irritable Negroes, were well-trained, ambitious cops who bore no overt prejudices against Negroes. One of the rioters that the book focuses on is Cotter Williams, 15, who hated the "Whips" (white power structure); when the \$16 a month he made from his paper route was deducted from his mother's relief check, Cotter simply dropped the route. His half-sister Baby Doe, 16, was a swinging streetwalker whose IQ (according to welfare and school records) had fallen from 117 to 82 since the third grade. Warner O'Seyre, a Negro schoolteacher who knew many of the ghetto kids, tried to cool the riot once it broke; yet to the raging Negroes of the ghetto, he seemed half Whitey himself. On one occasion, before Watts broke, O'Seyre's young son, raised in an integrated neighborhood, spotted a Negro in Griffith Park and said: "Look, Daddy, there's a nigger man." Reprimanded, he broke into tears when he realized that he too was black.

Once the riots began, Conot says, violence was turned against not white people but white property. One woman, carrying a TV set from a pawnshop, explained: "It just hit me I been paying \$25 a month for three years on a bunch o' furniture that cost me no more than \$300 to start with, so the least they can do for me is give me a TV." Conot's characters—from Frye through Williams to the well-meaning but ineffectual welfare workers and Negro intellectuals—all appear beset by a sense of corrosive despair, which rendered them incapable of handling the horror that took 34 lives and caused \$40 million in damage.

Conot asks: "Who are these people? What is the history of the man left at the bottom?" His answers are incomplete, but important—and dismaying.

Midway Relived

INCREDIBLE VICTORY by Walter Lord.
331 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

You-are-there books are not present-tense journalism or final history, but they are a demanding kind of literary specialty, and can be absorbing reading. Specific detail is summoned to flesh out the skeletal facts of history, the jumbled sequence of action is put in order. Walter Lord has the knack. *A Night to Remember* was his effective reconstruction of the *Titanic* disaster. *Incredible*

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JAPANESE CRUISER "MIKUMA" AFTER AIR ATTACK

And goodbye from a flaming Betty.

Victory is his replay of the 1942 Battle of Midway, in which seven Japanese and U.S. ships went down. Through these pages, the reader feels the dizzy tilt of every sinking.

Pearl Harbor was less than six months past when Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto set out to destroy what remained of American naval power in the Pacific. By invading Midway, a fueling station and airbase 1,136 miles west of Hawaii, Yamamoto hoped to draw the last U.S. carriers and cruisers out of Pearl and crush them with his superior firepower. What he did not know was that Admiral Chester W. Nimitz's Naval Intelligence experts had cracked the Japanese code and had pieced together the entire operation (including a diversionary thrust toward the Aleutians). When Yamamoto's striking force arrived northwest of Midway on June 4, 1942, U.S. carriers were waiting.

Reconstructed from the recollections of admirals and mess cooks, aviators and boatswain's mates—both Japanese and American—Lord's account of the two-day battle is supercharged with acts of individual courage. Marine "Gunny" Deacon Arnold concocts anti-invasion mines with blasting gelatin stuffed into lengths of sewer pipe. Movie Director John Ford, wounded during the first Japanese strike, keeps on shooting with his camera. Lieut. Rokuro Kikuchi, his "Betty" bathed in flame, waves goodbye to his fellow airmen.

Above the Smokestack. It was indecision that cost Japan the battle. Carrier Force Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo delayed too long before ordering up a strike on the American ships. While his carrier aircraft were loading up, Nimitz's admirals launched their own air strikes, and within hours, the carriers *Akagi*, *Kaga* and *Soryu* were sunk.

Infuriated, the Japanese struck back with their sole remaining carrier, the *Hiryu*. Diving through intense U.S. fire, the Japanese bombers and torpedo planes, far superior to then-existing American models, slammed three bombs through the carrier *Yorktown*. Among the casualties was Seaman George Weise, who was blown so high that he hit the wing of a passing plane—and survived the day.

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cloud cover, the Japanese failed to spot and strike the carriers *Hornet* and *Enterprise*, whose planes ultimately hit and sank the *Hiryu* and the cruiser *Mikuma*. Though a Japanese submarine later finished off the *Yorktown*, Yamamoto knew that he had lost and called off the invasion. Japan's main fleet never again sortied in full force.

Incredible Victory will not replace Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison's superb military analysis of Midway (Volume IV of *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*), but as a you-are-there reconstruction it deserves shelf space alongside.

Of Communists & Cavemen

THE TASTE OF POWER by Ladislav Mňačko. 235 pages. Praeger. \$5.95.

Communist treatment of dissenting writers has undeniably improved: in Stalinist times, Isaac Babel was killed; today, the Russian novelist Andrei Sinavsky is merely in prison. Still, it takes courage for a citizen to criticize a government east of Austria. Czechoslovak Writer Ladislav Mňačko has courage and cunning too. By submitting this scathing dismemberment of the new Communist ruling class to a Viennese publisher, who then sold the rights all over the free world (TIME, March 17), he has blithely ignored the whole machinery of censorship, and so far he has got away with it.

His theme is simple: a tough, heroic young revolutionary is transmogrified by power—and the fear of losing it—into a ruthless madman who rules his country with whims of hurricane force. After his death, his career is recalled by Frank, a government photographer and an old friend from the underground days, who now records the despot's lying in state. Frank's secret hobby is building up a huge collection of candid but forbidden photographs: "unsuitable pictures taken from unsuitable angles, the averted face of the world in which [the tyrant] moved, a parade of folly, a riot of vanity, a debauch of cowardice—a stark naked general dancing the *csárdás* among the cakes on a banquet table, a collective orgy of rural bosses."

The photographer observes the toadies and the plotters at the bier, but is astonished to find that decent people, who were crushed by the little figure in the glass-topped casket, mourn him as well. Blindly, stupidly, they still love him—the discarded wife, the girl friend whose family he once imprisoned, the aging professor whose career he ruined. In fact, Author Mňačko's outrage goes deeper than politics: with Swiftian anger, he condemns the victim as well as the tyrant. As a writer, however, he is no Swift. The novel is at times clumsy and dated: conversations are imagined by the narrator, glances between characters are supposed to be significant enough to stand for a paragraph or so of exposition, flashbacks

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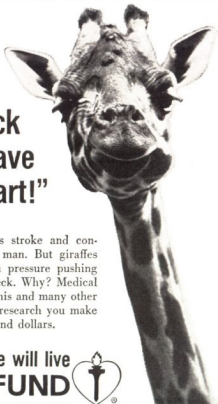
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fly off like the calendar pages in an old movie. But contrivances do not obscure Mñácko's conclusion: "We're all really cavemen, squabbling over bigger or smaller chunks of meat."

Unease in the Night

END OF THE GAME by Julio Cortázar.
277 pages. Pantheon. \$5.95.

A young man in Paris gradually turns into a salamander. An elegant young girl crosses a bridge in Budapest and becomes an aged crone in the process. A motorcyclist, after skidding into a curb, finds himself lashed to an Aztec altar as a priest approaches with a knife. The nastiest member of an Argentine family walks into the wrong room and is eaten by a tiger.

All of these surreal situations are encountered in this collection of truly scary short stories by Argentina's Julio Cortázar (*Hopscotch*), who lives and works in Paris. One of the stories, *Blow-Up*, provided the plot for Antonioni's hit movie. Another describes the sordid death of a musician who strongly resembles the late Charlie ("Bird") Parker. Perhaps the most affecting of all is the title story, which explores the daydreams and posturings of three lonely sisters in an Argentine suburb.

However much Cortázar may remind readers of Poe, Maupassant, and Camus, his cool style and gothic viewpoint make him a unique storyteller. He can induce the kind of chilling unease that strikes like a sound in the night. What is it—a burglar, beast or spectral thing? If it occurs in a Cortázar story, it is likely to be something nameless and decidedly lethal.

JEAN MARCOTTE



CORTÁZAR
Tiger in the next room.

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frosty bottle, boys,
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